

# MACLEAN'S

**INVISIBLE MAN**  
Where is Osama  
bin Laden?

**CAMPBELL COUNTRY**  
B.C. politics just  
got weirder

PETER KELEGHAN  
PLAYS TV PRETTY BOYS  
ALAN ROY OF  
MADE IN CANADA  
AND JIM WALCOTT OF  
THE NEWSROOM

From Botox  
to body-waxing,  
Canadian guys  
are all dolled up

## YOU'RE SO VAIN

by James Deacon

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## MEN AT (BODY) WORK

When Shakespeare said 'what a piece of work is Man', he didn't include Botox

TWO OF THE MOST elegant men I've ever encountered are Jean Beliveau and John Kenneth Galbraith. I met Beliveau, as I've previously written, when I was a teenager doing volunteer minor hockey work. *Le Gros Bill*, his playing career over, was vice president of the Montreal Canadiens. He showed me in his office and treated me as a peer—never appearing impatient or patronizing. I met Galbraith, the great Canadian born-economist and academic, in 1999. I had called his office at Harvard University wanting to do a telephone interview to my surprise and delight, I received an invitation to visit him and his family at his country place in southern Vermont. Over an afternoon, he treated me like an old friend. After my piece appeared, he sent a gracious, amusing note which now sits, framed, in my office.

I remember much about both meetings—both nothing about what either man wore. And I'm all but certain that neither man has ever been exposed to a Botox needle, pecked implants, or any of the other forms of beauty enhancement that writer James Dawson discusses in our cover package on male vanity this week. Sure, nature has been especially kind to Beliveau, now in his 70s, and Galbraith, still active in his mid-90s, each possesses an intense, almost Olympian grace. They wear their achievements and their ages comfortably, and the two are uncharacteristically reasonable.

Which is, of course, the point. In some ways, it's tempting to describe the grooming and pruning process that many men subject themselves to these days as the final frontier of femininity: now, males undergo the same cosmetic rituals that have driven generations of women to distractions and despair. That's unfair in being the rig on women, guys are doing this to themselves. To a point, it's great to see men pay more careful attention to appearance, because doing so also implies respect for one's self and others. Looking back at my teenage days again, I remember the year a new coach

took over our local junior hockey team—a tough, unruly group whose terrific collective talent was in inverse proportion to their ability to work together. The new coach instituted a dress code: all players had to wear a jacket and tie to the rink for games. They won the provincial championship that year while that obviously had more to do with ability than appearance, several of them said the dress code contributed to a sense of discipline and shared identity.

We all know people who take perverse pride in being the worst dressed or least formal person at any occasion. That's fine, so long as they understand that if you look as though you couldn't care less, others will likely react that way towards you.

Practicality also counts for a lot—which is why, on weekends, my primary consideration is dressing as anyone's son's forehead for decorating me with little bits of food. Among older men and women who use hair colour and Botox, many say they do so because of the relentless emphasis on youth in the job market. One way of looking younger is by rugging fit, which makes perfect sense. And because rugging carries dangers. Men, as it turns out to this staff, have a big learning curve: a 55-year-old guy who dyes his grey hair dark chestnut should, for example, understand that the overall effect will look about as natural as a dog wearing shoes. Ditto for middle-aged men who shooftorn themselves into styles meant for guys half their age. The basic rule of thumb is, or should be, that you are what you are. And when Shakespeare said "what a piece of work is Man," you can bet he wasn't talking about liposuction and calf implants.

Anthony Wilson-Smith

Illustration: Maclean's/John D. Sullivan

## MACLEAN'S

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'This nation has been brainwashed to believe that people who cannot or do not want to go to university are second-class citizens.'

—JOHN W. SARGENT, *Edmonton, Ont.*

## University bound

I would like to commend Maclean's for doing an amazing job on the "The university crunch" (Cover, Nov. 18). I am part of that "double cohort" in Ontario I was over-whelmed by the information I received as about different universities and by the whole application process. Finding a university to read the program and grad I have been a lot harder than I expected. The statistics and articles in your magazine have helped me consider universities I may never have thought of applying to before. You have helped me and probably many other Canadian students deal with the stress of finding that "perfect school."

Marissa Bolla, Paris, Ont.

Remember well the controversy of the very first ranking of Canada's universities. I'm glad that you had the conviction to do it and the courage to improve on it. As for the costs of going to university—tuition and other fees are only part of the equation. Housing and food are by far the most costly items in a student's budget. The price of car and/or campus housing, food, public transport, gasoline and parking does affect the viability of going to a school of one's choice or making the compromise to go somewhere else.

Sue Roberts, Winnipeg

Whether the institutions will admit it or not, your annual review has been an exposure for positive change on many of our campuses. Why not apply the same investigative techniques to distance education universities? Distance education can ease the double-cohort issue in Ontario and provide affordable alternatives for students who cannot attend traditional post-secondary education.

Phyllis Campbell, Richmond Hill, Ont.

My university, the University of Calgary, has not been around for 149 years, as primarily undergraduate winner St. Francis Xavier has, but it is as innovative as they get. Maybe next year we should tear down our school and rebuild it with cobblestones and



hand-raised cement. That obviously counts for something.

Sabrina Okorodiyi, Calgary

Your magazine seems to equate seasonal lectures and away-returned connections with a second-class level of education. Do you not realize that seasonal lecturers are, in many cases, even better instructors than tenured professors? In commerce, law and art, their students learn by choice, and when they are not teaching they are staying up-to-date with new trends in their field.

Arline Pfeiffer, Vancouver

## Promises, promises

Quite possibly Paul Martin will provide "A quantum shift" (Cover, Nov. 4) as government reform. However, as the article points out, Jean Chretien awarded him his own 1995 electoral promises, so why wouldn't his replacement do the same? I'd like to think that real political change is on the horizon, not just that my treasury extends further back than the old election.

Dan Neely, Hamilton, Ont.

## Footloose

Congrats on not knowing too much about me in the book in the latest issue in the article about MuchMusic's VJ's "Living the best,"

Tideman, Nov. 18). It's so evident he wasn't to be mentioned more, but it's good that others like George Stroumboulis would be in your spotlight as opposed to a talking sock.

Mark Baker, Ontario

Why would you, in your infinite wisdom, all but omit Ed the Sock in your article regarding VJ's with MuchMusic? Are you nuts? He is definitely the leader, the VJ among VJs. You owe Ed an apology, a new car and an unlimited supply of yams so he can repair the wounds you have inflicted upon him.

A. L. Snek, London, Ont.

It is unfortunate that your well-crafted profile of MuchMusic's VJs was marred by your quickness to stereotype. Even as you lead the compelling hosts and their understanding of popular culture's greatest implications, you dismiss "radio" VJ Amanda Walsh as merely "a pretty face." Well, despite her youth, beauty arguably the best comic thing of them all and serves as a contemporary with whom younger viewers—these—not quite ready to embrace Brownie and Popkin's nihilism—identify easily.

Quana Taha, Toronto

## Ready for war, and peace

Canastota Brown's letter in the Nov. 18 issue almost has it right—Canada's "Military specialty" is peacekeeping. Many nations now provide ingenious troops to support peacekeeping, but Canada should be capable of peacekeeping—imposing and enforcing peace. Our forces should therefore be easily equipped for war fighting, and maintain that skill as the primary aim of training.

And Salomon, Surrey, B.C.

## Energy efficiencies

Your article concerning the Kyoto accord implies that for some Canadians, Kyoto is about cutting windows and raising off the YCR ("Beyond Kyoto," Cover, Nov. 17). Canadians should be concerned about Kyoto's broader implications. First, of the dissonance to industry to invest in Canada and the corresponding encouragement to locate elsewhere, thus reducing the second position. Second, the fact that if all of the signatories to Kyoto, Canada's economy may be hardest hit. Third, this fundamental to the accord is international trading of emission credits, which, for Canada in particular, means a direct transfer of wealth

out of our country. And fourth, the possible creation of "Kyoto Kops" bureaucracy with intensive enforcement powers. Canada can pursue energy efficiency without undermining the latter machine of Kyoto. We need a frank discussion about why Canada should submit just to the whimsy of the U.N.

Michael W. MacGillivray, Calgary

I am puzzled why you selected a windmill farm for the cover of your issue featuring Kyoto. The problem is that it strongly suggests that wind power is the solution to our electrical energy and pollution problems. In the first place, wind power can have little impact on supply—a few percentage points at best for the foreseeable future. Secondly, wind power companies, in Canada at least, earn exorbitant profits, which they can sell to politicians, allowing them to continue to pollute. Wind power technology continues to advance, and we can embrace it later at a more advanced stage, if it provides a good solution. The real truth is that we really want to reduce pollution in this country; we have to reduce energy usage. The culprit is the very low price we pay today for energy, because that fuels demand. Higher prices will contribute to reducing demand, and thus will impact our time. In the meantime, we are not careful not to be stampeded into solutions that do not solve our problems, and which we might regret in the future. A cover featuring windmills spinning pollution would have been better.

Kent Hawkins, Tucson, Ont.

We try to "walk lightly" on the environment. But as I write, I am looking across the lake to ridge where some diesel logging was recently done. There are at least 12 slash burns underway, and I suspect that today they have put more carbon dioxide into the air than I will in my lifetime. And that's just one day on one mountain. Come spring, our farming neighbours will likely burn their fields. Yes, it's far better to put on Alberta for its emissions from producing energy for the continent, but we don't seem to be the first industry or the forest for their emissions. There's something wrong with this picture!

Janice Beyer, Vernon, B.C.

If Jean Chretien is truly concerned about climate change, why is his government closing down the Arctic Scouting Centre Dome Observatory near Tuktoyaktuk, Northwest Territories?



to me Kyoto has less to do with climate change than with Chretien's pride—which we've seen on display for too much of late.

Georgina Aaron, Vancouver, B.C.

I wouldn't like to challenge Robert Sheppard's claim of the hydrogen fuel-cell car being the "only good" vehicle of the post-petroleum era. The design of the Air Car, manufactured in the south of France, any other

run at speeds up to 110 km/h for a distance of 200 km on a tank of compressed air. The air is filtered before passing through the engine, so the car actually releases cleaner air—something Transcanada would greatly appreciate come next summer. My information comes from the Air Car Web site at [www.theaircar.com](http://www.theaircar.com).

Renee Roberts, Ottawa

## Old-boy's network

What Allen Robertson doesn't seem to comprehend in "Where are the real men?" (Nov. 11) is that it is women like Jeanette Lee, Wendy Mesley, Wilmae Sawin, and Cynthia Kere, to name a few, who are changing the style and face of the old, history-copy-dominated boys' network that he is prying for. I guess he'll have to watch reruns from old CBC episodes while I settle in and get some old news from faces that represent a world view that includes me.

Isabelle Giroux, Courtenay, B.C.

## The Alberta difference

I was fascinated by Brian Bergman's "Doing

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it the Alberta way" (Hays, Nov. 18). As one who has lived on and off for 10 years in the United States, I was reminded of the great transmigration of Germans to that country during the first half of the 19th century. They came not as refugees, but to make a sturdy contribution to the entire society, without relying on the government to solve their problems, as so many Canadians seem to do. Perhaps there is a parallel with the influx of Americans into Alberta. My long observation tells me that what made that province unique was not only its creativity and the willingness to take gigantic risks, but also good old common sense. Without rehashing old myths and hoaxes (see: Maple Alberta can be an important influence in establishing selected Seneca, belonging to the representation for the smaller provinces as well as checks and balances to the House and the Prime Minister. The Australian have done it while preserving their parliamentary system).

A. S. Phillips, London Ont.

There is a lot of tough times in the way the writer explains why Albertans do things their way, citing inferiority complex, image problems and other light-hearted reasons. And he plays safe by identifying himself as an Albertan. There is no indication from him to indicate that Albertan residents could be danger signs for the country. I'd be interested to see this roughness in a follow-up essay when Alberta successfully uses the Clarity Act to separate from the country. That will be triggered by two coming events, Kijoro and the withdrawal of the Alliance Party in Eastern Canada in the next election.

Albert Gashen, Calgary

#### Parallels to war

Bush Roberts-Jeffery remembers the slaughter of the Second World War and asks, "How could anyone want that again?" ("The way of war," The Mail, Nov. 18). Well, she couldn't and I couldn't, but the trouble is, others infusing our world today could and do. I remember the thirties. We heard, but didn't want to hear, the screeching, bullying rabble-rouser Adolf Hitler agreeing 100,000 impressionable young men into a great, roaring hell of "Big Hell! Big Hell!" We heard, but didn't want to hear, Winston Churchill, a voice in the wilderness, warning of the horrors to come.

Whether we wanted it or not, whether prepared or not, we were plunged into a war we did not want, had no say in its start, and had to finish. We did finish it well and with credit, after the spilling of a lot of Canadian blood. But let it be admitted, it was partly because we had luck, partly because we had the Churchill and the Andy McNaughtons, partly because we and the U.S. were insulated by geography, partly because Hitler, with his many stupid mistakes, was as firm on our side, and hugely because the U.S. came in to help. One would have to change only a few words in that to make it apply today. But we must not depend upon luck, we are no longer isolated geographically, and there now is an international border, Saddam, probably much more clever than Hitler. We have only pale shadows of the Churchill and the McNaughtons, but never mind. Should Canada support the U.S.? Yes, emphatically yes. George Bush is no saint, the CIA is no army of angels, the railway-industrial complex is alive and well. But if we wait for a saint supported by angels and a band of selfless, non-profit-seeking, altruistic corpo-

rate, we will wait a long time. Unless, of course, we do in agony of million deaths inflicted by Saddam.

Frank Galt, Burlington, Ont.

#### War and deceit

The stories "Horrors on Werribee Ridge" (Honeyland) and "Waiting for the firing squad" (The Madman's Kite) in the Nov. 13 issue confirm the Canadian military's practice of cover-up, denial, procrastination and deceit. This was true during the Second World War and the Somalia cover-up and was well documented by Martin's in the 1998 series of articles including "Rape in the military," "Abuse of power," "Mystery at Gagetown," and "It's a man's world." The fact that reporters had no access to war operations in Afghanistan and that the military tightly controlled all the "news" from the theatre of war means more cover-up and deceit. The call for more military spending is multiplying, but how can we support an institution that consistently lies and then has the audacity to insist it is telling us the truth?

David Hallett, Edmonton

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## MACLEAN'S BEHIND THE SCENES



### KEEPING CUSTOMERS SATISFIED

Phone calls from spouses battling over letters to the editor. A man who won't send a subscription gift camera to "photograph his mother-in-law going over Niagara Falls." Even a complaint about an ill-fitting lens. After 29 years with Maclean's, Mavis Julius has seen—and heard—it all.

The manager of customer service for Maclean's, as well as *L'Espresso*, *Châtelaine*, *Châtelaines*, *Profil*, *Flare*, *MoneySense*, *Today's Parent* and *Canadian Business*, Julius and her 13 colleagues field more than 250,000 customer requests per year, but nothing prepared her for the *Châtelaine* subscriber who was dissatisfied with the fit of a lens advertised in the magazine.

"My male colleague who took the call turned beet red and handed me the phone," laughs Julius.

Lingerie challenges aside, Julius says her job requires patience and a willingness to listen. "I enjoy talking to people and solving problems. When people feel listened to it's usually easy to work things out."

Julius's department processes new and renewed subscriptions, address and name changes, scent-free and mailing preferences. They also check payment and subscription status and delivery problems. "Readers who are lucky enough to spend the winter down south can even have Maclean's redirected to them free of charge," she says.

Until 1976, changes and complaints were handled primarily by mail because few employees had their own phones. While telephone is now the primary contact point, it is quickly being replaced by a 24/7 on-line subscription account management system, accessible at [www.macleans.ca/service](http://www.macleans.ca/service). "Thanks to technology, we're faster, more efficient and cost-effective than ever," notes Julius.

For further information, contact [behindthescenes@macleans.ca](mailto:behindthescenes@macleans.ca)  
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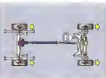
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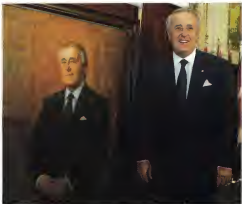


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## THEWEEK



### Ottawa | Hanging a former prime minister

It was, by most accounts, a fine day for hanging. About 250 minivans were on hand, including some with Brian Mulroney's knifemarkers still evident on their portion hides. And from the nearest official portrait of the former Conservative prime minister was unveiled on Parliament Hill, it was clear that the old baritone had not lost his knack for the cut and thrust. With an unbecomingly Jean Chrétien-looking co—no friends there now, remember the Airbus investigation—a jolting Mulroney went on at length about the cure and feeding of his majority caucus, offering their usual debates "the very essence of parliamentary democracy." It was vintage Mulroney. His first return to Parliament Hill since his resignation in 1993 and he knew how to get right up the nose of the scattershot Grits.

It was his day, of course. There was no serious talk of a Mulroney comeback. (Who started that rumour?) And only passing mention of the fact that if you take in the portrait, by Russian-born Montreal artist Igor Babitsky, from a certain angle, the lightbulb smile looks suspiciously like a smirk. Canada's Mom Lane? Well, company followed in Mulroney's wake as well. Like, who let on the knee professor with the small American flag? It was 1986. The Liberals only failed to grope directions to someone who said he was there for the unveiling. In a terrace-filled world, the parliamentary intruder was the subject of pointed inquiries at the week were on. But Mulroney was unperturbed. Wishing the professor being hauled away, he turned to his Liberal enemies and sighed, "Ah, remember the old days, Jean, when we would have bused guys like that in."

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Still smooth, the old baritone has some fun at the expense of the Liberals.

**1 Mulroney's backdoor**  
Barrington left his son before clearing, then gazing, back from fourth floor balcony of his Berlin hotel room. Set back to it, he had a better view with Miley.

**2 Geography students**  
Thirty per cent of 12th year adults tested in nine countries, including Canada, could not locate the Pacific Ocean on a world map. The body of water only covers one-third of the earth's surface.

### ScoreCard

**Julian Thompson**  
CANADA'S richest man doesn't drive an oil jet—nearly 1,000 vehicles worth some \$300 million—in the Art Gallery of Ontario. There goes the billion-dollar media mogul's reputation as a tightwad.

**Paul Martin**  
Man who would be Prime Minister's "best friend" is not in early Kyoto. Then suggests he prefers national consensus on ratification on articles previously given some provinces' well-known opposition to the greenhouse gas-binding accord. Says Paul—how is that view from the forest?

**Princess Anne**  
First British royal with Charles's last name. In 1945 for instance to be considered a royalist offence, after attending party to bring her English-born son-in-law to the throne. This time, Judge Imogen Eames, not death penalty. Maybe it's true that what they say about girls taking after their parents—Anne is known to be happy.

**1 Mulroney's backdoor**  
Barrington left his son before clearing, then gazing, back from fourth floor balcony of his Berlin hotel room. Set back to it, he had a better view with Miley.

**2 Geography students**  
Thirty per cent of 12th year adults tested in nine countries, including Canada, could not locate the Pacific Ocean on a world map. The body of water only covers one-third of the earth's surface.

**Quote of the week** | "The part of political life I miss the most is my caucus. I respected their sacrifice and commitment. Their preoccupations became my priorities."

BRIAN MULRONEY, reflecting on his time in Ottawa during the unveiling of his portrait on Parliament Hill



**Blood scandal charges**

The RCMP laid 33 charges against four individuals, Amnorr Pharmaceuticals Co. and the Canadian Red Cross Society in connection with the tainted blood scandal. In the 1980s, thousands of people were infected with HIV and hepatitis C through tainted blood and tainted blood products. Charged after the five-year investigation are two former or senior bureaucrats in Health Canada, the former head of Red Cross's blood program, and a former Amnorr vice-president (the company manufactured blood products used to treat hemophilia). "The Canadian public needs to have confidence in their public institutions," said Sgt. Rod Kowatz, head of the RCMP Blood Task Force. "The Canadian public has the right to expect the safest blood products possible."

**Killer Karla's past revisited**

The books called *Karla A Plan with the Devil*. But police are looking into whether Karla Homolka broke her past with the previous of Ontario when she provided the book's author, Stephen Williams, with information about her life behind bars. Homolka and her rear husband Paul Bernardo were convicted of the kidnappings of teenagers Kristen French and Leslie Milatky in St. Catharines, Ont. But in 1993, before Crown officials knew there were videotapes revealing Homolka's willing participation in the murders, they agreed to a 12-year sentence for Homolka in exchange for testimony about Bernardo, who was convicted in 1995 and received a

life sentence. Under the terms of the deal, Homolka, who is due for release in July 2003, is not allowed to prefer from her prison through the aid of books or by giving interviews.

**Free labour and casinos**

Almost three months after being sentenced by the B.C. Supreme Court over the same issue, former premier Glen Clark was found guilty of violating conflict-of-interest guidelines in his handling of a friend's casino licence application. The province's chief commissioner said Clark, who resigned as premier in August, 1999, as a result of a police probe into the scandal, handed two sections of B.C.'s Conflict of Interest Act when he knowingly accepted free labour on his home from Danzonn Pilsonius, who was seeking the licence from the former NDP government. The B.C. government wants Clark to pay \$53,000 toward the cost of the conflict-of-interest hearing, but it was unclear whether Clark intends to pay up. "I have been sentenced," he said last week, in reference to the B.C. Supreme Court decision.

**Wacko Jacko**

Maybe he just wanted to show off his new baby. But viewers on the street gaped when Michael Jackson held his nine-month-old son, Prince Michael II, in one arm and dimpled him over the edge of his fourth-floor hotel room balcony in Berlin. The scene, seen around the world on TV broadcasts and newspapers, outraged child welfare edu-

cators. "It's not something anyone in their right mind would do," said Jonathan Bell of the Ontario Association of Children's Aid Societies. It's not the first time Jackson's dealings with children have been questioned. In 1994 he washed a multi-million-dollar settlement over a sex abuse case involving a teenage boy Jackson had two other children, son Prince Michael, 5, and daughter Paris, 4, with ex-wife Debbie Rowe. Prince Michael II's mother's name has not been released.

**What rhymes with money?**

All Ruth Lilly ever received for the poems she wrote for *Poetry magazine* in the 1970s were rejection letters. But Lilly, bare to the 15, Lilly pharmaceutical fortune, clearly never held that against the Chicago-based publication's editors. Now 87 and ailing, she said last week that she's giving the journal an estimated US\$100 million. The gift would turn the little-known magazine into one of the richest publications in the world. Joseph Pisci, editor of the 80-year-old magazine, said the money would be put into a foundation and used to promote poetry. As well, the publication intends to expand its staff, possibly with four members, and move to better offices.

**Man on the edge**

"Sentences between Iran's hard-liners and reformers increased as Tehran rallies and strikes continued in support of heavy Iranian President Ajaz, and demand to be executed for blasphemy. Supreme

**Philanthropy | Thomson masters the art of the donation**

It's the largest gift ever made to a Canadian cultural institution. Last week, Ken Thomson, the multi-millionaire Thomson with a passion for art, announced that he will donate his entire private collection (estimated value: \$300 million) to the Art Gallery of Ontario. The Toronto Olympian will also provide \$75 million for an addition to his hometown gallery to accommodate his donation of nearly 2,000 works. The rest of the AGO, expected to be completed by 2007, is the hands of Toronto-born architect Frank Gehry, who visited to dine with the senator, seeking views of the much-hated Guggenheim Museum in Bilbao, Spain. "There will be a curve or two in it," says the California-based Gehry about the AGO, just a few blocks from the richest house where he grew up. "But it will not look like Bilbao. It will be different

from most museums—it will be personal!" For Thomson, the decision to transfer his personal treasures to a public gallery is the right thing to do. "My children realize I'm leaving something from their inheritance when I do this," says Thomson. "But that doesn't concern them. They want me to be happy. I can afford to do this and it makes me feel good to do it." Thomson spent half a century assembling a collection that features some of the finest examples of European and Canadian paintings, sculptures and decorative works. To have his collection "in a beautiful art space of its own in a lovely refurbished gallery, and not scattered in the four walls, is a dream come true," says Thomson. "And being Gehry on board is the frosting on the cake."

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Leader Ayatollah Ali Khamenei has ordered a review of Aghajari's case in an apparent effort to defuse the row. *Analysis* and Khamenei's intervention revealed how concerned the religious leadership is about the violent protests, which turned violent when demonstrators clashed with Khamenei's supporters. Reformers allied to President Mohammad Khatami accuse Khamenei of using the clashes as an excuse for further crackdowns on moderates.

#### Fatal attraction

The women in the Miss World contest are so beautiful, suggests the northern Nigerian newspaper *ThisDay*, that the prophet Muhammad would have chosen a wife from among the contestants. That would launch the bloody reign by Muslims who considered it blasphemous. During the campaign in several cities at least 100 people were killed, Muslims attacked and churches torched. Muslim groups have condemned the Miss World pageant, scheduled to be held on Dec. 7 in the Nigerian capital, Abuja, claiming it promotes sexual promiscuity and indecency. Pageant organizers got the message—"after careful consideration of all the issues involved," they moved the event to London.

#### Elections and blood

Yasser Arafat had called on Palestinian radicals to stop the latest wave of suicide bombings. Contrasting violence would, after all, only lead the Jan. 28 election chances of Israel's right-wing Likud party. But Arafat failed—

with bloody consequences. Last week, a bomber boarded a bus in Jerusalem and blew himself up, killing 11 people, many of them schoolchildren. The deaths were a blow to Azzam Bishara, the new leader of the Labor party. If elected, Bishara has said he would pull Israeli soldiers out of some occupied territories, remove many of the Jewish settlers from Arab lands and open negotiations with Arafat. But polls show Bishara badly trailing hard-line Ariel Sharon of Likud, who craves an end to violence and a new Palestinian leadership before talks can resume.

#### Encouraging results

It has all the signs of a breakthrough on the cancer front: Researchers at the University of Washington in Seattle and 15 other universities reported a 100-per-cent success rate with an experimental vaccine designed to make women immune to a sexually transmitted virus that causes 80 percent of cervical cancer. Working with almost 2,400 sexually active young women, scientists gave the vaccine, developed by Merck & Co. Inc., its half and a placebo to the rest. Not one of the vaccinated women developed infections or precancerous growths during a study period covering 17 to 27 months; 41 of the others were infected and nine had cervical growths. Last year, 1,400 Canadian women were diagnosed with the cancer; 410 died of it. Some years down the road, the researchers expect, a vaccine administered to women before they become sexually active could drastically reduce those numbers.

#### Passages

**CONNECTED** Princess Anne, the only daughter of the Queen, pleaded guilty to violating the Dangerous Dogs Act, after her loose English bull terrier bit two children in Windsor Great Park. The judge fined the princess the equivalent of \$1,340 but spared the life of her dog, Dorey. Princess Anne, 52, is the first member of the royal family to be convicted of a criminal offense in over 300 years.



**DEB** Montreal native William Morris joined the National Ballet of Canada in 1996—and was promoted to principal dancer in 2001. In March, he left the company to perform on Broadway in *Dynasty*. *Thrupp's* married Morris' first, based on the songs of Billy Joel. Morris, 33, died from injuries sustained in a motorcycle accident in New York City.

**DEB** Akiba Eban was born in Cape Town, South Africa, grew up in Britain and, in 1942, was instrumental in convincing the United Nations to partition Palestine and allow the creation of a Jewish state. The fiercely eloquent statesman was later named ambassador to the United States and was Israel's foreign minister from 1966 to 1974. Eban, 87, died in a hospital near Tel Aviv.

**DEB** Actor James Coburn made over 80 movies. He portrayed first in *The Magnificent Seven* and *Plant* in the James Bond spoofs *Our Man Flint* and in *Liver Pulp* and won an Oscar for playing Nick Nolte's father in *Affliction* (1996). Coburn, 74, a native of Laurel, Neb., died of a heart attack in Los Angeles.

**OVERTURNED** An Italian appeals court convicted former prime minister Giulio Andreotti, of the 1979 murder of a journalist—overturning a 1999 verdict. Andreotti, 83, was sentenced to 24 years in jail—but will likely be under house arrest. His lawyers are pushing for a quick appeal.

**CONNECTED** Magnificent businessman, Harry Markopolis, 58, who was once with the Business Development Bank of Canada, was found guilty in New York City of conspiracy and falsifying business records in a US\$17-million "pump and dump" stock scheme.

BY MICHAEL DE AGUIER



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## THE WEEK



### NATO: 'He's not a moron'

The focus was supposed to be on reconciling among NATO. And, gathering in Prague, the 19 current members of the alliance did intend to first order of business by admitting seven countries that had formerly been part of the Soviet bloc—Bulgaria, Estonia, Latvia, Lithuania, Romania, Slovakia and Slovenia. But George W. Bush arrived with his own agenda. Calling on NATO to become an alliance against terrorism, Bush asked the allies to support tough measures against Saddam Hussein, including war if necessary. NATO leaders wanted to strongly condemn Iraq. But they stopped short of endorsing a military campaign if Saddam fails to comply with UN demands to disarm, with at least one member—Germany—

remaining strongly opposed to any war. If there was frustration with Bush's attempts to control the agenda and focus on Iraq, it remained for the most part private. But not so with Jean Chrétien's senior communications adviser, Françoise Duroc. In remarks overheard by journalists, she said of the President, "what a moron." At a time when relations between Bush and Chrétien are already tense, the Prime Minister tried to smooth things over by saying that Bush "is not a moron at all—he is a friend." Such statements did little to appease the opposition, who called for Duroc's resignation. She offered it to Chrétien, but the PM did not accept it.

In the end, it all deflected attention from a historic moment. While former Eastern bloc countries had earlier gained acceptance

After last week's embarrassing gaffe, Chrétien insists Bush is a friend

to NATO—the Czech Republic, Hungary and Poland in 1999—last week's admission of the three Baltic states brought the alliance to Russia's doorstep. From Prague, Bush flew to St. Petersburg to reassure President Vladimir Putin that the expansion posed no threat to Russia in exchange for "balanced relations are good and are only going to be better." But history casts a long shadow, as Latvian President Vaira Vīķe-Freiberga noted. "Latvia lost its independence for a very long time," said the former Université de Montréal professor, who lived in Canada for 45 years, "and knows the meaning of independence and the loss of it, knows the meaning of security, and the loss of it."

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## A CAMPBELL FEUD?

Vancouver's leftist mayor-elect may be headed for a showdown with B.C.'s right-wing premier

**JIM GREEN**, long-time champion of Vancouver's downtrodden, was picking up his cellphone last week, trying to make sense of the Nov. 16 city election that swept him, and the entire left-leaning Coalition of Progressive Electors slate, into office, when he was greeted by a porcupine-like constituent "I voted for you," the guy said, his gravelly voice carrying over the phone, "and I need \$2 to get to the food bank." Could Green wear his business into office until Dec. 2, but already the bill was due. He fished \$2 in \$10s from his front hip pocket and covered up with his phone interview.

He was talking about the inner meeting and backroom situation—locally, provincially, even internationally—attached to the municipal election result. It raises issues as diverse as a proposed referendum on Vancouver's bid for the 2010 Winter Olympics, a commitment to low-risk safe injection sites for heroin addicts, and the nagging sense that the establishment of the neo-conservative agenda of the provincial Liberal government. It's heavy stuff in a city that doesn't usually pay attention to its own elections. So, were voters, in fact, sending an anti-international message to the Liberals in Ottawa? Green, never at a loss for opinion, launched into a convoluted response before admitting, "I just don't know," he admitted. "The real answer is, I just don't know."

What is certain, though, is that B.C. politics, never what you'd call dull, just got very more interesting. Last week marked the end, on a number of fronts, of Premier Gordon Campbell's semi-comfortable ride as a pragmatic ruler of what is essentially a one-party province. It's age that the New Democrats, clinging to their two-seat opposition in a 79-seat legislature, have made a resurgence. Rather the Liberals came now wrestle with a cranky, Hydra-headed beast as a conservative opposition with a dose range with its as great as all outdoors.

The Vancouver election is but one example of a bad Liberal week in Victoria, Prince George-area MLA Paul Penikese

was expelled from the Liberal caucus after accusing his own government of a secret agenda to privatize B.C. Hydro. In the Vancouver suburb of Delta, Val Roddick became the first target of a recall campaign, inspired by service cuts at the Delta Hospital. Campaigns to ouster sitting MLAs may legally start 18 months after an election, a milestone the Liberals celebrated, if that's the word, last week. A dozen such open pages may spring up across B.C., with one group—Recall Them All—holding the unlikely prospect of orchestrating the entire caucus. "I don't take it personally," says Roddick, who could be out of a job if some 12,000 constituents sign a recall petition. "When it comes down to it, people don't like change, even if they need for it."

Change is what Vancouverites asked for. Voters tossed out the long-standing conservative Non-Partisan Association—which Gordon Campbell once led to mayor of Vancouver. They replaced it with COPE's unlikely coalition of community activists, unions

Gordon Campbell (right) could face a referendum on halting the Winter Games



**The Liberals must now wrestle with a cranky extra-legislative opposition that has a wish list as great as all outdoors**

men, New Democrats, and pragmatic lefties, which had spent the previous 34 years failing to win the mayor's chair. The difference this time was mayor-elect Larry Campbell—no relation to Gordon—who proved that "charisma" and "compassion" can be used in the same sentence.

The morning mayor carried a COPE majority in city hall on the strength of his unique qualifications: ex-WIMP drug cop, ex-club corner of B.C., and inspiration for Dennis Dineen, the travelling corner on the gritty Vancouver-based TV hit, *Da Vinci's Inquest*. This was Vancouver's drug election, when the city collectively decided that people dying of overdose, disease and murder in the Downtown Eastside—1,200 in the past decade—can no longer be tolerated.

"The problems of the Downtown Eastside aren't just those of a small corner of Vancouver, but were seen as a much larger problem," says Norman Ratk, a political science professor at the University of Victoria. "It's not a revival of welfare activism," he says of COPE's wins, "it's kind of a sense of a larger community responsibility."

Even the ex-cop, who traded his competency of the dead for one of the living, admits surprise at the public determination to resolve the issue. "My feeling was if it was a problem, it was a problem," Campbell told Maclean's. "We had a really good platform on all kinds of issues, but it always seemed to come back to the Downtown Eastside." For some it was concern over the escalating property crime, for others it was a sense of "But all of the communities were horrified by the conditions that people were living in."

Campbell is bailing ahead on a pledge to open medically supervised safe drug injection sites in the city by early January as part of a Four Pillars drug strategy of prevention, enforcement, treatment and harm reduction. The prospect of the first such site in North America prompted the New York Times to devote most of a page to the election. By remarkable coincidence, John Wilton, the hard-nosed U.S. drug czar and member of George W. Bush's cabinet, also paid a post-election visit to Vancouver.

Wilton was the guest at a Board of Trade luncheon, where he promised not to tell a sovereign Canada how to run its drug strategy. He then proceeded to do just that, offering dire warnings about the damage of marijuana addiction in the U.S., and telling



Larry Campbell has proved that "charisma" and "compassion" can be used in the same sentence

a cautionary tale of a well-meaning B.C. mayor who launched a harm reduction strategy and needle-exchange program. The result, said Wilton, was "the most brutally honest city in terms of addiction of any city in American history."

It was a quintessential Westcoast moment. Wilton was headed by a handsome table of eight presided by Mark Emery, marijuana-anti-silence and president of the B.C. Marijuana Party. Seated several tables away was Larry Campbell, who while more discreet, was also unimpressed by Wilton's advice. "Why should I feel pressure from the Americans, I'm a Canadian," he says. "This whole thought that a needle exchange causes addiction, it's like this causing garbage."

For the moment, the mayor-elect feels more best for another policy with international implications: COPE's pledge to hold a referendum on Vancouver's Olympic bid. Federal Housing Minister Sheila Copps, the other Campbell in Victoria and much of the B.C. business community want that vote at this late date could speak the International Olympic Committee, which is to announce the winning 2010 host on next July.

The provincial Liberals are especially alarmed, fearing the prospect of a Campbell versus Campbell feud. Gordon Campbell sees the Games as a vehicle for investment and economic renewal. Larry Campbell wants the Games only if Vancouverites agree that the unresolved details of the bid going economically sound.

What he does not want is to be tarred as the fiasco opposition to the provincial government. A referendum will burn huge political capital with voters levels of opposition. But the thing he may choose his COPE coalition base. Already he seems anxious for a compromise, saying "we're in the process of seeing what's going on, talking to groups and seeing how we can best gauge voter response to this. So, I'm just not going to talk about it."

Part of the attraction, and frustration, of the Vancouver election is that the mayor-elect has revealed occasional technical adviser and scepticism—is that there's really a pot calling. This trial may without resolution a bit of compromise, another and flawed version of a very Canadian—and the delicate reflection of the deep special B.C. politics. ■

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**Terrorism** | BY TOM FENNEL



## THE INVISIBLE MAN

## Where Is Osama bin Laden—and why can't the United States catch its public enemy number 1?

GEORGE W. BUSH is a big pack of photographs as he dashes on the Oval Office. All are of him, many in uniforms and sporting long braids. They are markings on the left of the quadrum arm, and whenever U.S. forces capture or follow, the delighted President removes the photograph and tosses it with a grin. So far, about 35 men, almost half of the known al-Qaida leadership, have been

Even more troubling, the tape may have been a signal to al Qaeda operatives to launch a new wave of terror attacks. And Canada, say security experts, is definitely on al Qaeda's list. "Canada is known as the Little Sister in Islamic extremist circles," says David Hume, former chief of terrorism planning for CSIS. "We are targeted."

of Qaeda leader worldwide. But last week, Bush was told that an extensive analysis of a threatening tape recording played on the Arab television news program of Al Jazeera showed the voice to be, in fact, bin Laden's.

So America's public enemy number 1 is very much alive—and poised to strike again. He has managed to evade the greatest manhunt in human history, staying one step ahead of soldiers searching cave by cave in Afghanistan. America's most advanced spy technology hasn't been able to find a lead on him. Even bounty hunters, motivated

where the invisible Mark? The tape itself offers few clues to bin Laden's whereabouts. But because it mentions recent travel habits, it had to be recorded in the last few weeks, as CIA analysts say the tape appears to have been made over a phone line consistent in quality with those used in Afghanistan and Pakistan. Those have been previous dates: On Dec. 16, 2001, U.S. forces intercepted a bin Laden radio transmission, believed to be from the Tora Bora region of eastern Afghanistan. Soldiers swept through the area, but bin Laden wasn't there that day.

The al-Qaeda leader enjoys the support of many, including militants in Pakistan.

escaped. Early last month, intelligence units received information he was in the Baluchistan region of southern Pakistan, along the Afghanistan border, with the remnants of a Taliban force that fled there. But other sources say he dodged the coalition naval blockade, one of the legacies of modern history, crossing the Arabian Sea to hide in his ancestral homeland of Yemen.

The remaining reports illustrate intelligence agencies but most believe bin Laden is hiding in the mountains of northern Pakistan, a remote, lawless region dominated by fundamentalist Muslims in concert with a strong force of America and a slanting of sheltering people fleeing the Pakistani government. Coalition leaders, including those from Canada's elite JTF2 commando unit, have already spent on mountain passes and villages in the rugged region, but those failed to turn up any sign of their prey.

The Pakistan army is not strong enough to exert influence over the state. And Pakistani intelligence may be throwing efforts to track bin Laden—many military analysts firmly believe members of that country's secret police who supported the Taliban are now helping bin Laden. "Stonecold" is practicing lies," says Robert Baer, a former CIA case officer and author of *See No Evil*, a scathing account of U.S. covert actions in the 1980s and '90s. "This guy has more support than we've ever imagined. You don't just hide guys like bin Laden and have them disappear. It takes more than that."

Both CIA and FBI agents are on the ground



Canadian troops in Afghanistan look out in the search for the terrorist mastermind

in Afghanistan and Pakistan. Many in the CIA believe the team will soon yield more positive results. They have been helped by the capture of a handful of senior al-Qaeda operatives, which has resulted in solid trackback insights into how individual al-Qaeda cells operate and communicate with each other. The CIA alone has hundreds of analysts and agents involved, both at its headquarters in Langley, Va., and in the field. Some CIA and FBI teams are warning Pakistani police and the army. And because the U.S. has relaxed its oversight rules, covert officers may also return to old ways of operating, including recruiting sources when they find them.

The most effective U.S. weapon may be the bundles of cash operatives carry in their briefcases. Just as the CIA bribed warlords in Afghanistan with millions of dollars to help win the war against the Taliban, officers are now bribing Pakistani undercover agents and intelligence services in foreign countries. The American agents carry the currency in denominations of \$20, \$50 and \$100. The money is used, and comes a mile ahead of them. No one wants it back to CIA headquarters.

In recent months, CIA officers have been on a spending spree in Yemen, Pakistan, Indonesia, Malaysia and the Philippines, among other countries. "They have received tremendous co-operation from the

intelligence services in those countries," said one former U.S. spy, speaking on condition of anonymity. The language has started producing results. In Yemen earlier this month, a CIA drone aircraft fired a Hellfire missile into a car carrying an suspected al-Qaeda member, including Ali Qasbi bin al-Harith, the group's top leader in Yemen. The operation also used electronic intercepts collected by the super-secretive National Security Agency, which was able to tap into Yemen's sophisticated surveillance equipment with the government's quiet blessing. "The incident in Yemen is a direct result of the co-operation of the Yemeni intelligence services," said the former agent.

The arrest of al-Nabati is another indication that the U.S. may be slowly winning its battle against al-Qaeda. Al-Nabati, who officials say was captured in an undisclosed

foreign airport in early November, was tied to bin Laden's side for nearly a decade. He is also believed to have been the mastermind behind the bombing of the USS Cole on Oct. 12, 2000, in the Yemeni port of Aden. He may also have been behind the suicide bombing that disabled a French oil tanker off the coast of Yemen on Oct. 6.

As well as information provided by al-Qaeda operatives like al-Nabati, the audiotape itself may help point the way to bin Laden. In the past, he has secretly turned over videos and tape recordings to reporters working for al-Jazeera. Now, and one U.S. intelligence official, investigators "are trying to track how those tapes are getting to al-Jazeera. The intelligence community is feeling better and better about what they are getting to know there." So far, though, the big break has eluded them. "The reality," says G. Parnis, a former senior U.S. defense official, "is that it's like a police investigation of a murder. You eliminate things that don't bear that, you keep working on how that gave you an opening. The feeling is that inevitably someone is going to make a mistake, and the more you say on it the better able you'll be to see that line unravel."

The Bush administration has played down the search for bin Laden, saying he is just one of many al-Qaeda terrorists being hunted. But Michael J. O'Donell, a military analyst

at the Washington-based Brookings Institution, says attacking the government is critical. "The best way to make the argument is to look around the world at top terrorist leaders and what happens to the organizations under them once the leaders are caught," says O'Donell. "You see a remarkable drop-off with their capture."

With the world's top terrorist still on the loose, most Western governments are on high alert for another attack. In a post-Sept. 11 initiative, Canada is spending \$77 billion for security measures, including up grades to border security and at airports across the country. CBS's budget has been drastically increased, and legislation has been passed giving police more power to detain and question suspects. With those security measures in place, Deputy Prime Minister John Manley says Canadians are safer today than before the World Trade Center attack. "I don't think Canadians," he said, "need to take any special precautions at the present time."

Manley's words may be reassuring, but security analysts, but Canada is vulnerable to attack for one simple reason: with more than 200,000 immigrants arriving each year, CBS and immigration agents can't possibly weed out all potential terrorists. The U.S. State Department also believes Canada is vulnerable to attack, and a list of 12 potential targets was leaked on Nov. 14. The list included Montreal's Place Ville-Marie, the B.C. ferry system and Toronto's CN Tower. And bin Laden's tape, says Harris, "raises the temperature, because it plays to Islamic extremists already in our country."

Bin Laden's continuing freedom has also put Bush on the defensive, with Democrats openly calling into question the success of America's war on terrorism. "We can't find bin Laden," they haven't made any progress," said Sen. Majority leader Tom Daschle of the efforts to destroy al-Qaeda. "They continue to be doing a great job of it they were 16 years ago. So by what measure can we claim to be successful today?" Talking to reporters, Bush angrily dismissed any suggestion that he was losing the war on terror. "I warned the American people that this was going to take a long time," he said. For now, bin Laden's presence remains in Bush's desk, while thousands continue to scour the world for America's most wanted man. ■

With John Crowley in Washington and Julian Beltracchi in Ottawa



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## DISASTER IN SPAIN

A massive oil spill brings calls for tighter controls on tankers

**THE MEN IN OVERALLS** swimming black goo may have looked like a bad omen along a few highways, but their efforts along Spain's wild Galician coast were of a far more desperate nature. They were among hundreds of volunteers struggling to rescue wildlife

and mop up thick black sludge from a tanker oil tanker. After getting into difficulty during a Nov. 13 storm, the Bahamas-registered *Prestige* was spotted two last week and sank to the floor of the Atlantic, some 3.6 km below. At those depths, some experts say, gelled grease and the ocean's cold will help solidify the cargo. But others fear that the fuel oil—which is heavier, more toxic and even difficult to clean up than waste oil—will seep out anyway. If all 77,000 tonnes the *Prestige* was carrying are released, the result would be one of the world's worst tanker spills, and the worst ever in European waters. (In comparison, the notorious Exxon Valdez spilled 38,000 tonnes of crude oil in 1989 off the coast of Alaska, resulting in a \$3.3-billion cleanup and wreaking environmental damage to this day.)

Hundreds of tonnes of toxic fuel oil threaten the wildlife and economy of Galicia.

The *Prestige* sank 200 km off Spain's northwest coast, threatening delicate rich waters. By week's end, about 240 tonnes of oil had reached Galician beaches and marshes, while a further 320 tonnes were sucked up at sea. But the cleanup effort was far from over, with other oil slicks continuing to pollute the Atlantic seabed waters threatening. A political storm was also raging, over why such ships are still allowed to ply Europe's waters. After previous disasters, single-hulled tankers like the 26-year-old *Prestige* were outlawed, but under EU rules, the phase-out, which will not begin until 2010, is scheduled to run until 2015. Canada and the U.S. are facing the same deadline.

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Actor Peter Keleghan didn't have to look far for inspiration for his narcissistic TV character Alan Roy—men are doiling themselves up as never before, with cosmetics, spa services and surgery



# You're So Vain

WHAT'S A GUY TO DO? JAMES DEACON EXPLORES THE RISE OF MR. GQ

**WENT TO A SNAZZY** redtown lounge the other night to meet some people and quickly realized I was new to this place. After being seated by the barman, I surveyed a bar area crowded with people who belong on a movie set. Their hair, their clothes, their skin and their smiles all appeared to glow. Even the men. They were in the 30 to 45 range, professional and apparently single, and very comfortable in that setting, chatting easily while twirling the ice in their cocktails or fiddling with their cell-phones and Blackberrys, presumably Siri, as it was a pickup spot, so the players would all be in their Thursday night flimsy. But these dudes were way better turned out than the guys I remembered seeing in bars when I was still single, 20 years ago.

Like the other bar, I was sitting straight from work, frayed at the overworked nylon briefcase in my hand, hair everywhere, big bags under my eyes, middle-age spread, the whole sorry sight. In the brighter lights of the foyer, I realized I had splashes of stained apple sauce on the toe of my right shoe, mud on the soles of the leather loafers that morning. I was not even close to being dressed for the occasion.

That's the problem with trying to keep up with lifestyle fiction: I thought the vain male thing was a TV fiction, a device to make dramas like *Alan Roy* on the CBC comedy *Man in the Hat* or the CBS comedy *Man in the Hat* seem like the Pyrexia Productions boss telling his staff he's going to a spa when in fact he's off to a clinic to get his pecs oiled, enhanced with implants, then has to get them removed because they're leaking. Or the one in which he shaves off his pubic hair because he's found a single guy and doesn't want to, and someone has told him it will all grow back in its original color.

But those guys really do exist: Peter Keleghan, 43, is the actor who plays the



ALAN ROY'S DUFFY LUNA, BARRYMAN JAMES MAYBE YOU TOO, CAN BEWITCH 25 BABES

waning Roy, and when he was posing for this week's *Man in the Hat*, he was quick to point out that he isn't the same narcissist in real life. That said, he knows that lots of men really do obsess about aging and appearance, and their efforts to stay youthful have gone way beyond comb-overs and two-minute-for-looking-so-good hair coloring products. "When I was looking for inspiration for *Alan Roy*," says Keleghan, "I didn't have to look very far."

Gays may have been the first to sample the new post-feminist products and services, but straight guys are now lining up at the beauty counters too. They're buying multi-curves and manicures and magazines wearing grooming techniques and fashion tips. Younger guys are using dietary supple-

ments and steroids to accelerate their work in the gym and achieve those male-model abs and pecs. Fifty-something execs are getting facials and botox injections to smooth over the wrinkles so that customers or employees don't get the idea they're too old to play hardball anymore. And these potential rogues? Men get these too, among other things.

It's a weird time to be a guy. The pop-culture signals all seem to be correct, so it's no wonder men are confused about appearance and grooming and all that stuff. Used to be there were different looks for different ages. Now, older guys are trying to look younger, suburban boys are trying to look like they grew up in the 'hood. The men's magazines would have us universally buff and confident. Mass media offer the fantasy that barely able to shave ripens with sexual success; charismatic bearded-model men, too.

On TV, guys like Roy blunder through life promoting the philosophy that authority and respect go with wearing \$3,000 suits and having your mass hair removed. Offer them with the male action "hero" who appears to have spent most of his life in the gym, and asking if what comes out of their mouths is any indication, the time they should have been learning something—anything—in school. My favorites are the mouth-breathing s\*\*t who pass for "regular guys" on sitcoms, like the Jim Belushi character on *Arresting Joe*, or Dean Cain on *My Wife and Kids*. There are adult males who wipe their noses on their sleeves and wear mismatched socks to work. But through the magic of Hollywood, they have beautiful if long-suffering wives and live in really nice houses. In real life, their characters would struggle to get a date, let alone marriage to Courtney Thorne-Smith. Ask yourself: how far Earth

## THESE DUDES WERE WAY BETTER TURNED OUT THAN THE GUYS I WENT O BARS WITH WHEN I WAS YOUNG AND STILL SINGLE 20 YEARS AGO

could everyone love Raymond? The big lag struggles with the most mundane of daily concepts. Last week's show saw him lose his ability to tell his wife that he loved her. If these are regular guys, we're doomed.

But a gem so much more in so-called "reality" TV dating shows. These in-you-would-be-slow. Last week, millions watched ABC's final episode of *The Bachelor*, and what that guy was 25-year-old Aaron, a beefy bank exec with an MBA and a lot of teeth, choose one woman from the 25 who, for reasons I'm sure their parents will don't understand, began vying for his affections several weeks before. As it's so sentimentally explained in his bio on the show's Web site, "While his educational and career achievements may be impressive, Aaron would like to share his life with that special woman." So naturally he went looking for that special someone with millions watching. The only surprise was that he chose the slim brunette when the other finalist was blond and buxom, the American ideal, say, as like the woman who "won" the previous edition of the show. Not unlike Aaron, for that matter, the male equivalent.

For a lot of young guys, that could be a defining image. They watched 25 stunning women line up for one man. They got out underneath it was just a TV show, but what were they thinking afterward, sitting alone in their apartments and houses? Aaron set a reachable (and brutal) target—he wasn't a complete dope, but he wasn't terribly complicated either. And the other stuff he did have, and what the camera really played up, were those all-American boy looks and that in-the-gym-all-day body. Those are things that, these days, a guy can get and get.

That's where the men's fashion magazines come in. They'll tell you that haircuts and gels are the rage, what diction to buy, what cologne women like. Personality. I'd stay away from the fashion advice. A recent issue of *Men's Journal* collected the names of the runway suit, and I'm old enough to remember that the previous collection had lasted about 19 days before the suits became laughable. Never mind. A lot of guys buy it anyway. A guy friend—he calls himself the "dude" guy because he's "majorly fashion conscious"—tells the story of a pal

from university days who visited recently. They were in his living room, and the visitor was looking through a stack of magazines. "You don't have *GQ*?" he asked, looking perplexed. "How do you know how to dress?"

**THE BODY-TREATMENT** room at the spa beneath Toronto's Royal York Hotel is actually an old bank vault, complete with heavy steel door and dual combinations



McGEEBON STAYS STRONG AND YOUNG WITH AN INTENSE PHYSICAL REGIMEN

locks. Inside, though, it's been transformed into a peaceful oasis outfitted to promote relaxation. It's warm, humid, scented and dimly lit, and a small fountain gurgles away pleasantly to one side. There's soft background music playing, too. But lying on the treatment table while a woman named Maud covers me in black mud, I don't need in the detoxification of my tingling skin or listen to the placative piano. I'm thinking about how the golden, amoxicillin-like shape being projected on the ceiling by a liquid light reminds me of the light show at a rock festival concert 10 years ago. So in my head I'm humming In-A-Gadda-Da-Vida, complete with drum solo.

It takes time to be vain, and a certain frame of mind. For nearly four hours last week, I was scrubbed, rubbed, buffed, oil-massaged and exfoliated. There were the "open body experience," and then the "renewal facial." It was worth the time just to under-

stand what so many guys are doing these days. It's tweezing, getting (microderm) and waxing, guys getting pedicures. It's hairy guys getting that back-to-roughness wash. Tim, who did my facial, told me a player from a visiting basketball team stopped by for a facial on the day of a game against the Raptors. Wanted to "freshen up," she explained. She says guys feel it improves their appearance and gives them an edge. I'm not sure it felt great, and the woman at the spa told me I looked as much better. But I got the impression people were staring at me on the subway ride back to the office, like I'd earned green or something.

I don't have the best credentials for this test. It wouldn't hurt me to lose 10 pounds, or even 15. My idea of blow-drying is leaving the nozzle open on the drive into work. When I moved from Vancouver to Toronto in the 1980s and met the woman who later married me, she told me my wardrobe looked like shrubbery, and she was reluctant to introduce me to her parents before I got my hair cut. In the 15 years since, I've purchased exactly one barber, a sartorialist. Some named Graham, and one clothing merchant, a big Hungarian named Tom. I still fall well short of fashionable, and it doesn't bother me.

Still, it's impossible to ignore the pressure on guys to hone their look. Go on-line and you'll see Web sites that sell things like the Men's DeLuxe Eyebrow Grooming Kit (it includes instructions). Another one declares that "REAL MEN EXFOLIATE" and proceeds to explain all the products you need to replace your bar of soap. And in the pages of men's magazines, the male models in impossible clothing and body standards I complained to a representative from one of the big cosmetics companies that her firm was selling to men the way it had always served women—by telling them they have a problem that they didn't know they had, and then offering the products to fix it. "Fresh?" she said, smiling in mock innocence. "So?"

She's wrong because it works—men, van measures, no buying. Industry men show that nearly 30 per cent of people going to spas nowadays are men, double the number from a decade ago. The cosmetics giant

have even men's lines, most popularly the hand and face moisturizers. It isn't a huge chunk of their overall business, but it's enough to justify making space on the shelves, and it's a growing market.

The youth and appearance piggy bank is

LET'S FACE IT, SAYS WILMUT, LOOKS HAVE A LOT TO DO WITH THE KIND OF FIRST IMPRESSION YOU LEAVE

regularly cruel to men around 30, who are increasingly turning to cosmetic surgery to mitigate the signs of age. Among the most popular procedures are liposuction on love handles and pecs, and delicate surgery to take away the bags under their eyes. "We go men who've been downsized and they're competing with 30-year-olds for jobs and clients," says Heather Hodgson, practice manager at a prominent Toronto cosmetic

isn't any more. "They're talented and compensated, but nowadays, appearance is more important than ever in business. They're just doing what they have to do."

**THE RECENT** Toronto Man Show, a consumer fair at a black convention space out on the airport strip, is not the kind of place where you'd think male vanity would be an issue. It was a neergaband of other kinds





Seems like such a waste of time if that's all they get for their efforts. Last month in *Esquire* magazine, actress Molly Ringwald, asked if muscled armoured women to a man, said: "Ultimately, being able to play a guns-woman is more than being able to pick one up." And there's a prize for you for looking too good. Women I know tell me their steers will cheer if men who are too particular about their appearance. But clearly, there are a whole lot of other women who like pretty boys. A supermarket tabloid,

the *National Enquirer*, pulled 16 male models as who was the perfect man. The largest number of them chose Brad Pitt, and the results were printed alongside in photo that made the shaggy-blond movie star look like one of these over-coiffed pagods that you see in the pages of *Ugg* magazine. A cute accessory who's loyal and occasionally smacking.

If that isn't enough to keep guys from getting too vain, then I can only remind them of an old joke. A young Catholic guy

goes to see his priest at confession and says, "Bless me, Father, for I have sinned." "What is it, my son?"

"Father, I have committed the sin of vanity. Twice a day, and sometimes more, I gaze at myself in the mirror and tell myself how beautiful I am."

The priest considers this for a moment, and looks through the screen at the man before responding: "My son, I have good news," he says. "That isn't a sin. It's simply a mistake." **JOHN MATHIN**

## A brief hair-story of time

FOR MOST OF MY LIFE, a hair-devised Italian barber, Aldo, was entrusted with my hair. I'd climb into his vinyl-covered chair and get "the usual"—a subtle moustache cut (patted on the left side. In high school I twiddled to a sweet Polish woman who'd often greet me at the door with, "Give you a GQ?" But it became more apparent with every trim that Aldo's skills weren't quite up to fashionista standards. So when my friends, Michelle, advised that I visit her stylist, I agreed. Amazingly, it only took one "shaping" from Rodrigo at Coupe Barbers, the ultra-hip Toronto salon, far more to be looked. My dad doesn't get it. Neither do some of my friends, who often point out the number of girls of beer my \$40 (plus tip) do's cost me. But I figure this secret I wear my hair every day, I should invest in it. And the truth is, my pair \$30 turns look, well, like \$300's. Chilean-born Rodrigo devotes at least as much energy to the conversation as to my hair. As he washes, massages and clips during an hour-long visit, he's taken on a virtual roller coaster that loops from his latest skateboarding exploits to trips across the country with his two kids aboard a retro-styled yellow school bus. We have to compete with the loud drum-n-bass to have each other, but I have the coolest hair of my life.

Though only 25—and still decades, I hope, from the dreaded comb-over—I've lived through some pretty memorable hairstyles. Like nearly every child who grew up in the early '80s, I wore the wildly popular bowl cut. In high school I experimented with a pair of *Beavis* Freestyles-inspired sideburns before progressing to a spiky boy-band style that some friends joked could have served out. But I got my most flamboyant cut in Grade 8, when I decided to shave lines in my hair to emulate rap star Koolhaide. Then, I, I asked my Italian cousin



to work his magic. For more than a brief moment, he and the six patrons waiting for their turn—all near or past retirement age—looked at me in horror.

Rodrigo, who's 30, says that when he started doing hair a decade ago, only one in 10 of his customers was male. Today, men account for half, and most aren't just there for a cut. "More than 70 per cent of my male clients get colour done as well. Ten years ago they would have never thought about sticking hair in their hair. In a lot of ways," he concludes, laughing, "some straight guys are more queer than queers." Since my first visit with Rodrigo, I have been

searching for the perfect styling product. Penicillin can only top my list. I especially like the texturing it provides—a fact I don't often divulge while watching *Saturday Night Football* with the guys.

The absurdity of my hair obsession became clear while watching Hugh Grant in *About a Boy*. I caught myself laughing when Grant's character realises he's paying a stylist a box of money for that perfect, straight-from-Valen "swealed" look. But who was I to laugh? I had an appointment booked with Rodrigo the very next day. Is it silly? Of course it is. But if doesn't bother me at all. **JOHN MATHIN**

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# 'TAKING RISK IS A GOOD THING'

The chief of Canada's junior stock exchange has a message for officialdom



**LINDA HONOL**, president of the Calgary-based TSX Venture Exchange, wants Canada to become a world-leading incubator of small-business success stories, with her small-cap boards playing a key role. Now that the parent TSX Group—has completed its initial stock offering, she's been speaking out on behalf of her largely resource- and tech-based clientele. The 58-year-old, ex-banker, who formerly headed the wealth-management division of the Canadian Imperial Bank of Commerce, is calling for lower taxes and less regulation. Unlike David Brown, chairman of the Ontario Securities Commission, who opposes adaptive-governance rules for public companies, like the new Sarbanes-Oxley law in the U.S. Honol, who packed up the reins in April, says months after the Venture Exchange was taken over by the TSX, spoke with *Maclean's* National Business Correspondent Katherine Maclean.

Honol says the tech system unfairly burdens private firms over public companies

**Is a world that is so electronic and connected, why have a small, junior exchange?**  
Compared to Canada, that want to start up and grow can only do it with money, and there are only two ways to get money. You either find investors who are willing to invest in your company or you go to the bank. The private venture capital markets in Canada have not been as strong as they are elsewhere, particularly in the U.S. and, in the past year, even that money has shrunk. So, the alternative is a junior exchange for young Canadian companies to tap into and get the money they need, either to start or to grow.

**Online investing isn't exactly known as a Canadian strength. How does Canada become a world-class incubator?**

If you look north of the border, the U.S. has between 93 and 60 per cent of the share of

the world's capital markets. We have two per cent. When you look just at venture capital, the U.S. has more than a 60-per-cent market share, compared with three per cent for Canada. We pale in comparison.

We have to be much more aggressive. Our governments and regulators have to be much more creative to support an environment where putting money into small companies is a good thing and taking some risk is a good thing. We need incentives for investors to take that risk. Right now the failure rate of small companies is very high in Canada. In the U.S., there's this culture that accepts risk as part of doing business, and that will be again on management teams and business that have actually failed. We don't want to accept failure in the same way that the Americans do.

**Why are Canadian companies failing at greater rates than in other countries?**  
One thing is normal. Even if they're successful

in raising enough money to get started, companies have difficulty with follow-on financing, whether it's private or public. They get to a point where they've grown, and they could grow more, but the tap's turned off. What else? Taxes are high.

**What changes in stock exchanges and regulatory systems are you looking for?**

There are incentives for small, privately held companies that don't apply to publicly traded ones. For example, at a certain level of revenue, companies pay only 13 per cent in tax. Above that, it's 22 per cent. That doesn't apply to a public company, which pays about 26 per cent. With R&D tax incentives, again, the test seems to be not whether you're big or small but whether you're public or private. There shouldn't be a difference.

**You've said that Sarbanes-Oxley is too onerous to import to Canada. If it's acceptable in the U.S., why not in Canada?**

The cost of going public already is very, very high. It takes six months and costs a small company \$250,000 to set up \$750,000 going public in the U.S., at the junior level, is preserved in the same. Down there, a junior initial public offering in US\$20 million. That's where we end, and where they start. A quarter of a million or a half a million dollars to get \$20 million is not too bad, but that kind of a cost to get \$1 million or less is pretty onerous. If you overlay Sarbanes-Oxley, which primarily speaks to government requirements, it becomes almost impossible for small enterprises to survive.

**How do you lighten the regulatory load, without killing investor confidence?**

There already are when our standards come pretty onerous checks and balances. The standards we impose are very different than those for large companies—in fact, they're more onerous. If a company listed on the Venture Exchange is going to make a major acquisition, and deplete its treasury, that transaction has to go over us. That's not a requirement of the Toronto Stock Exchange. It's not as if we don't have the right rules and the right policies to protect the investor. The risk of investing in small companies on our exchange is only what it should be: that the product or the service may be new, and the company is new. That's the risk our in-

vestors take. They don't take a risk on no-risk, Wild West country.

**The OSC saved the spectre of regulators infiltrating the Venture Exchange. Do you see such a problem?**

Every market has to guard against that. Because, are they out there trying to get in? Absolutely. Would I be surprised if an issuer came on my exchange or the Toronto exchange or the New York Stock Exchange? Absolutely not. Does anyone else's vigilance around it? We don't. We are just as vigilant as anybody else. We monitor transactions with directors and officers and shareholders, especially from off-shore. We are current on the list of countries that are monitored for money laundering. We have the list of individuals that has been published; we require personal information on all our officers and directors. We have all the same safeguards, and so that's why the OSC was completely out of line in singling us out. All markets have this problem.

**The volume of trading is down about 40 per cent from the boom days in 2000. Values are down more than 75 per cent. When might the Venture Exchange again see trading values in the \$60 billion range?**

Well, that's a good question. Of course, average daily volume today is down, year to date, around \$13 billion, you're obviously right. Values on the senior markets has dropped to well, so again I don't want to be singled out. Liquidity is an issue, and we are looking at doing certain things. Market-making is an option. Liquidity will come back, and value will come back, when investor confidence comes back. We will do our part in making that happen, by contacting investors that we run a quality exchange.

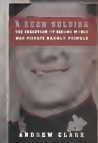
**With Sarbanes-Oxley at the TSX and Helen Korman at Nasdaq Canada, you're one of three women with top jobs at Canada's exchanges. What do you think about that?**

Did anyone plan it? I doubt it, but I would hope it just speaks to the fact that women in all professions can do the kinds of jobs that they wouldn't have been able to do as long as even five years ago.

**Especially in the men's world of investment banking.**  
Different culture, for sure. They eat their young. Women don't do that. ■

## A CANADIAN SOLDIER EXECUTED BY HIS OWN MILITARY

Rightly or wrongly?



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## THE JOYS OF GIVING

As the Citigroup case shows, it can get your kids into school and your rival out

**THE REVELATIONS** of U.S. corporate malfeasance began with astounding disclosures unfurled, moved to revelation of obscure executive profits from stock options, and then to evidence that Wall Street analysts made "buy" recommendations under excessive influence from their firms' sweet most banks. Now, the focus is shifting to charitable giving. New York Attorney General Eliot Spitzer's war against top management of Citigroup has exposed evidence that some of that company's charitable largesse may have had darker motives.

As in all his previous revelations, his case is based on e-mails long since craved from the computers of the conspirators, but which his seemingly farcical on obscure servers. There, it seems, no privacy in private and confidential messages on the Web, which has an inbuilt ability to e-mail and destroy those whose messages fly into it.

If you ever have heard of Citigroup's chief financial officer analyst, Jack Grubman, who kept recommending some of his favored stock during some of his plaudits to obtain. Third this month, the investigators alleged his bad calls were driven by his desire to bring in, and keep, major investment banking clients, such as World Com. But contrary to most of his competitor analysts, he didn't have "buy" status on all the companies he followed. Can cynics overlook in his matter of as attractive stocks was given AT&T, headed by Michael Armstrong, who was also a director of Citigroup.

Grubman suddenly switched his attitude to strong "buy" story, and AT&T's financial analyst switched its attitude toward Citigroup's investment banking subsidiary, Salomon Smith Barney. It moved \$88 for an underwriting worth US\$45 million in fees.

Why did Grubman change his mind? According to investigators, it was due to pressure from Citigroup CEO Sanjiv Patel. Wall, who was also a director of AT&T. Not only did Wall seek all those investment banking profits, he was determined to quit John

Steed from his slot near the top in Cit, and he wanted Armstrong's support. Road, perhaps the greatest retail banker in modern American history, was forced out.

The recently exposed e-mails disclose what looks like a useful deal. Grubman wanted his boss adjusted to an exclusive Manhattan preschool at the 90th Street Y. Wall knew everyone on the Y board, and Grubman sought his support, noting in a message to a friend that getting into that preschool was "harder than Harvard." In his e-mail to Wall, Grubman spoke of his meetings with Armstrong, and the situation was "going well," but they devoted most of the message to the Y admission.

What happened then was subject of dispute. Grubman's own view was scound, out of a crowded field of applicants, and Cit made a \$1 million donation to the Y. Charitable generosity or quid pro quo?

What makes this story resonate across the land is the suggestion that big companies may use their big-donor status as leverage for influencing charities' decisions. American businesses are famous for their generosity to universities, hospitals, schools, galleries, museums, opera, and music. Chicago, for example, would not have cultural amenities on a scale seen in few cities in the world were it not for the business community's deeply rooted tradition of funding local cultural groups.

The Grubman revelations came after a recent case of large-scale fraud against Tyco's Dennis Kozlowski. The ex-CEO, whose educational background disclosed some study of mathematics, had become a big figure in the New York art scene, a venture that flourished,

in part, from Tyco's membership to galleries such as the Museum of Modern Art.

Millon Friedman (left) used in this space his long argued that companies should pay dividends to stockholders and lower charitable giving up to them. He believes that his company's largest toward high-profile non-profits that put on expensive gala where CEOs and their wives could get a status for their generosity with the stockholders' money. The problem with his rigid doctrine, of course, is that total charitable donations would double, perhaps if the biggies were banned from giving.

The Grubman Wall revelations also illustrate what has been, in the overwhelming majority of cases, a splendid relationship between the U.S. private and non-profit sectors. Americans are the most generous in their charitable giving to Canadians. The disclosures of major American contributions to hospitals, for example, put the meagre funds of their Canadian counterparts to shame, and I doubt that influence is a factor for most donors.

In contrast, the Toronto Symphony Orchestra nearly went bankrupt over a \$7 million deficit. In Chicago, that kind of problem would have been solved, without publicity, by a few phone calls to wealthy donors, only some of whom head public companies. In the late 1990s, the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, the Lyric Opera, the Court and Goodman theatres and the Museum of Contemporary Art had virtually identical non-fundraising appeals to finance building projects, and raised more than US\$600 million, mostly from local sources.

Cit's Wall is probably an alleged example of American-style business. But corporate governance is about creating a system of rules and disclosure in which there are punishments, not incentives, for misbehaving.

Could the U.S. non-profit sector continue to prosper if investors and governments concluded that charitable largesse requires the kind of controls recently imposed on political donations? Whether or not would result in profit from such constraints is problematic. The system, and the North American one continuing, would surely lose.

And all because of preschool and the wily Wall.

Donald Cope is chairman of Hays Investment Management in Chicago and of Toronto-based firms Howard Investments, StockInvestmentUSA



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# 'ANOTHER PLANET'

Prison life is harsh. Time spent in a 'segregation unit' is even worse.

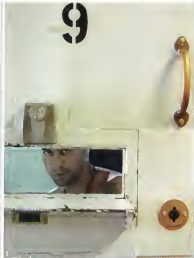
**IN 1974**, Michael Jackson received a hand-written note: he thought it must be credulity. Written by a prisoner in the B.C. Penitentiary, which closed in 1988, the letter complained about life in solitary confinement. "It describes conditions I doubt existed in Canadian prisons," recalls the University of British Columbia criminal law professor. Still, he visited the letter writer—and was shocked by the squalid cells, antagonistic guards, and racial harassment. He took up the cause and in 1975 the Federal Court of Canada ruled the conditions constituted cruel and unusual punishment and were unlawful.

Since then, Jackson has spent much more time inside prisons. There have been many improvements, he says, but nothing changes the potential for abuse inherent in the relationship between "the keeper and the kept." One example: with "administrative segregation," a prisoner can keep an individual isolated, essentially at will. Jackson says prisoners say it's like "living on another planet."

The photos here were taken at the segregation units of B.C.'s Kent and Matsqui institutions, by Shane Jackson for his father's critically acclaimed second book, *Justified: Inside the Walls*. Clockwise from above right:

[1] Jeff Kilburn, on the 30th of 34 days in "the hole." [2] High walls and a wire mesh culling block gun from Kent's exercise yard. [3] Room after a jury acquitted Hagline Mc Donald of murdering a fellow prisoner. It took a B.C. Supreme Court ruling to spring him from segregation. [4] The same site as a cell, or "house," in the main living unit at Matsqui, a segregation cell as more austere. [5] Kerner's interview room. [6] Electronic surveillance camera towers are now used only in emergencies. But Jackson was later told that when he visited prisons in the '70s, tower guards had their guns trained on his head.

For more photos and the text of the book, visit [www.justifiedcanada.com](http://www.justifiedcanada.com).







## HOW TO FIX TV DRAMA

Want more good Canadian shows? ROGER MARTIN has a blueprint.

**LAMENTATIONS** OVER the death of good Canadian television drama are frequent and, if anything, intensifying. In the July 15 issue of *Maclean's*, the new CRTC chairman, Charles Delfino, joined the throng and hoped that discussions with Canadian producers and broadcasters could help focus their attention and resources on the holy grail of high-quality drama.

Sadly, I predict that nothing that has been discussed by Charles Delfino or anyone else will change the current circumstances. Except for news and sports, Canadians mostly reject second-rate Canadian content, and they respond the only way they can or should: by not watching it. But this problem can be fixed. It requires a change in the fundamental structure of content rules, from regulating input—hours of Canadian programming—to output—the level of Canadian-content viewership.

This story would be best seen as cautionary tale about high-minded but sloppy thinking by regulators producing the exact opposite of what they want. These officials need to be incredibly precise in their logic or they

will seek havoc while trying to help.

In this case, the story of *unhelpful help* started in 2002, when the Board of Broadcast Governors, the CRTC's predecessor, became concerned about the increasing Americanization of Canadian television screens, and instituted new requirements. The rules have been tweaked several times over the years, but since the 1980s, at least 50 per cent of Canadian prime-time broadcast—40 per cent for the CBC—has had to be “Canadian content” (with a point system to identify the true Canadianness of any program). This started a downward spiral that has continued to the present.

To see why, the underlying structural logic must be understood. When the regulations came in, it's obvious that broadcast was producing less than the desired 50 per cent Canadian content. Let's say, for the sake of argument, that it was 33 per cent—that at that level, they were able to attract the viewership that would attract sufficient advertising in order to produce Canadian content at a profit.

But then the requirement changed to 50

per cent—23 of the 42 hours a week of prime time, rather than the 15 that made economic sense to broadcasters. Of course, the regulators would say: “Too bad, that's just the cost of doing business, and by the way, we gave you your license for free so you're getting a good deal.” All true, but, truth doesn't help the regulators accomplish their goals.

The Canadian broadcaster, already satisfied with 15 hours of Canadian content and 27 of mostly U.S. material, needed to find a solution. One option could have been to invest heavily in the new Canadian hour in order to make them economically successful. However, logic holds that if such opportunities existed, they would already have been taken. The more likely alternative was to minimize the investment in the six new hours in two ways: use the least attractive time slots, which have the lowest opportunity cost and spend as little as possible on production, because those hours are guaranteed money loss in any event.

The second, less obvious effort was to increase the spending per hour on the re-

maining 21 permissible hours of U.S. content. Why? Because instead of operating at the logical endpoint of 27 hours, a point at which broadcasters were indifferent to adding or subtracting from the total, they now wished they could invest more in U.S. programming. Given an infrastructure and the limited time slots, the incentive for the broadcaster was to pay top-dollar per hour for the best U.S. content.

The underinvestment in two categories of Canadian content and the overinvestment in two hours of U.S. content widened the quality gap. The reaction of Canadian viewers was absolutely rational. Flooded with an excessive quantity of low-budget Canadian shows and a limited amount of high-cost U.S. ones, they chose to watch the American stuff and largely ignore the Canadian. So broadcasters had the incentive to further maximize the investment per hour in Canadian content and maximize the investment per hour in U.S. content, which lowered Canadian viewership and raised U.S. viewership, and so on.

Fast forward to the present to find out where this downward spiral has left us. In drama (including comedy), 90 per cent of English-language viewers' time is spent watching foreign programs and a mere 10 per cent on Canadian shows. This is both an embarrassment and a huge waste of resources spent on programs almost no one watches. But the regulators get exactly what they asked for—production of Canadian content—even though they wanted something entirely different: Canadian proud-ly and happily watching Canadian shows.

That is the tricky thing about design of regulations—see how the structure is designed to encourage. So the lesson is to be incredibly careful about what you encourage. No amount of cajoling, prodding or anything of the sort will change this.

It can be changed for the better with a fairly simple shift. What we want is more viewership of Canadian content. So don't regulate production of Canadian content, regulate viewership of Canadian content. If viewership of drama is 10 per cent now—and unlikely to improve under the current rules—a viewership target of 12 per cent for next year, a whopping 20 per cent increase. Drop the input requirement entirely—the broadcaster can show as many hours of Canadian content as they wish. Establish an agreed-upon methodology for measur-

**The story is a cautionary tale about sloppy-thinking regulators producing the exact opposite of what they want**

ing the number of people watching and a schedule of fines for missing the target. The greater the raise, the greater the fine.

This would completely reverse the current scenario. Instead of maximizing spending across many hours, broadcasters would maximize the investment per hour in a few hours of Canadian programming in order to meet the 12 per cent target and avoid the penalty. Instead of giving Canadian drama the worst time slots, they would—at least temporarily—offer the best. While U.S. drama would still receive high investment—with 88 per cent of the projected viewership—those would not be constant paths to increase this output at the expense of Canadian shows, because the value of a Canadian content viewer would rise substantially.

Moreover, with the incentive to produce fewer, but higher-quality, shows, Canadian producers and broadcasters would be motivated to invest in successfully exportable Canadian programming. The payoff to a Canadian hit would be huge—meeting the Canadian viewership target and generating export revenues.

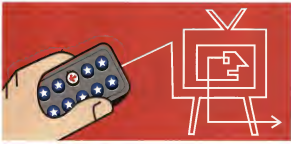
In fact, the economics for Canadian pro-

ducers would begin to mirror those for their U.S. counterparts. American film producers for the domestic market, hoping to pay for the investment at home and then sell the show internationally at a marginal cost. This reality is recognized by the supporters of Canadian programming, who've recently said that the cost per hour to bring in U.S. shows is much lower than the cost of creating Canadian drama. This is because the U.S. producer will have a marginal cost, while Canadian producers have to recover their investment in a small home market. However, with a high return in the local market for a successful Canadian show, its producer could look to international sales for incremental profit opportunities.

One might ask: Can this really be done? Is this easy? In fact, output regulation has already been used successfully in a major U.S. industry. Frustrated by the difficulty in getting the automakers to improve their cars' gas mileage, the U.S. Congress chose to set output regulation and let the companies figure out how to adjust. In 1993, it established Corporate Average Fuel Economy (CAFE) targets that began at 18 miles per U.S. gallon in 1978 and rose to 23.8 mpg by 1995. Congress left the “how” to the automakers—through selling smaller cars, making their lungs can lighter, making their engines more fuel-efficient, whatever was most effective. Indeed, they did all of the above and met the requirements—doubling fuel economy in the American fleet. The only complaint about the CAFE regulations are that it's becoming as much as \$500 a gallon, cars are forced to be less safe, and there has been a migration to SUVs, which are regulated as light trucks with a 20.7 mpg CAFE standard. However, the goal of increasing fuel economy has been achieved efficiently without complicated, bureaucratic input regulations. In fact, SUV makers are fighting against calls to regulate SUVs as cars—having seen only too clearly the effectiveness of output regulation.

Canadian regulators have a choice with Canadian television. They can maintain the status quo and perpetuate an environment that guarantees an uncompetitive and unattractive product. Or they can revolutionize the structure of regulation and give the Canadian industry a fighting chance. It is time to choose, really choose.

Roger Martin is dean of the Rotman School of Management at the University of Toronto.





## BEWARE OF FREER TRADE

Ottawa's desire to reopen NAFTA will lead to political union with the States

**THE RECENT AWALANOE** of world news has all too often celebrated the impact of a startling new Ottawa economic initiative that could profoundly affect Canada's future.

In a sequence of well-timed oval billboards, similar mandarin and oil cabinet ministers have floated the notion that the Canadian economy be transformed into what would amount to a branch plant of the American dream factory. This revolutionary design is disguised in the notation that we enter into negotiations of the North American Free Trade Agreement (NAFTA). This would ultimately lead to Canada becoming part of a U.S.-dominated common market, fuelled by common currencies (Guess which one.)

The first clue was floated months by Hank of Canada governor David Dodge, whose background includes having been Paul Martin's most influential deputy treasurer in Finance. Arguably Ottawa's most powerful public servant, Dodge didn't dodge the bullet. In a slowly reasoned presentation to the Canadian Business Committee on Oct. 23, he advocated a radical update of the original NAFTA agreement, implemented by the Clinton government in 1993. His most specific reform initiative was that there ought to be a free flow of labour and capital, as well as goods and services, across the Canada-U.S. border.

Just in case somebody got the idea that the man whose signature appears on our paper currency was speaking off the top of his head, the next day Deputy Prime Minister John Manley declared that Ottawa seems to expand NAFTA to make use of "unfinished business." Within 24 hours, International Trade Minister Pierre Pettigrew jumped in, announcing that he has actively been discussing the codifying of the NAFTA agreement with U.S. Trade Representative Bob Zoellick. The day after that, obeying his cue as a meeting of Pacific Rim leaders in Mexico, Jean Chrétien confirmed and added it was time to renegotiate the trade deal.

At one level, this sounds eminently sensible. The NAFTA pact is almost 15 years old

Why not take another look at this controversial agreement, and expand it?

Why all the fuss? When Brian Mulroney fought the 1988 election on free trade with the United States, I remember getting a couple of his hypochlorite phrases together and labelling the move as "slap of fish through a window of opportunity."

That's exactly what it turned out to be. Our exports to the U.S. exploded from \$112.5 billion in 1988 to \$384.4 billion in 2000, doubling U.S. exports' share of our gross domestic product to 35 per cent. In the context of a global economy, it's hard if not impossible to argue against such a dramatic jump in Canadian trade. Without it, our economy would be relegated to backwoods status.

But it's not that easy.

Historically, trade agreements evolve in five stages.

First, a Free Trade Area to eliminate tariff restrictions between two countries. That was what Mulroney signed in 1988, even if we've had big trouble with American trade barriers since. (Think softwood lumber.)

Second, a Customs Union, which expands that arrangement by extending a common tariff. That was NAFTA, which included Mexico.

Third, a Common Market, which extends a Customs Union to include the free movement of labour and capital, as well as goods and services. That's what the current Ottawa initiative is all about. Another form of free capital flow could be achieved by the Canadian dollar being pegged or fixed to the value of the American greenback, instead. The Bank of Canada governor, who is bound

to be the dominant voice in any such deal, wants to take the next step, which could lead to a common currency. That, incidentally, would eliminate most of his functions, because under such radical circumstances there could be no meaningful Canadian monetary policy.

Significantly, one of the few voices being raised against Ottawa's slide into such a drastic option is that of Prime Minister-in-Waiting Paul Martin, who has unequivocally declared: "We are going to stay with the Canadian dollar. It is by far the best course of action for us economically, and in terms of our sovereignty."

Fourth, an Economic Union, which is a Common Market plus the adoption of identical economic (not just trade) policies. That's about where Europe is at the moment. Many national economies have vanished, common fiscal, monetary and social policies are on the horizon, the European Union's soon to be 25 members are on their way to becoming a continental superpower.

Fifth, Political Union, which adds the extreme integration of Economic Union to the surrender of political sovereignty. Former French President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing is setting the groundwork for such a union by drafting a constitution for the new Europe that will include provisions for one transcontinental president, a common foreign minister, plus a name for the proposed superstate. The European Union has the advantage that its two dozen members are culturally diverse enough to maintain distinct nationalities. Plus the fact that several of its adherents are mega economies will prevent any one of them from hijacking the proceedings. Any North American Common Market would be dominated by the Yankee dollar, and we wouldn't even have territorial and nuclear bases to mark the vestige of a difference.

What this random demonstration is that once you launch your country to the Common Market stage, making the road to political union is all but inevitable. Each step in the trade liberalization process demands that the next phase be implemented, to make the process more efficient. If we were to follow this sequence to its logical conclusion, only one difference between being Canadian and being American would remain: we would still choose Thanksgiving on different dates. ☐

Peter C. Newman's column appears monthly. [petnewman@canwest.com](mailto:petnewman@canwest.com)

young entrepreneur awards 2002



Open K&L, President and CEO of Northwest Internet Inc., was doubly awarded last year's Young Entrepreneur Award for 2001 by the Business Development Bank of Canada's Young Entrepreneur Award for Canada, he was also the recipient of the Young Achievement Award offered by Export Development Canada, and the year-based business awards by the Information Canada.

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A diversified outdoors company, Châteaufort-based Groupe Chlorophylle/L'Avanturier designs and manufactures high-performance clothing, markets adventure travel and training, and sells clothing and gear through its retail arm. With subordinate financing and term loan financing from BDC, the group has expanded its chain of L'Avanturier stores in Quebec, bringing the total to nine. Taking advantage of rapid growth in the outdoor clothing segment, the company has established footholds in the US and Japanese markets. Next up: Europe and further expansion in the US. And, with BDC on board, Chlorophylle/L'Avanturier's exploration in growth has just begun.

**Gilles Gauthier**  
President  
Groupe Chlorophylle/  
L'Avanturier  
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## The Brains... The Boss... The Power

Their businesses are as diverse as the routes they travelled to achieve entrepreneurial excellence. Yet there are many common threads that link this year's Young Entrepreneur Award (YEA) winners.

All three young entrepreneurs are motivated with an infectious spirit, keen insight, and an unwavering commitment to transform their vision into reality. In the process, they have kept their eyes, ears and minds open, continually seeking new ways to distinguish their business activities in a crowded marketplace.

More than entrepreneurs, these young people are innovators, creating a culture of innovation that is so instrumental to

the success of any enterprise. Innovative firms grow faster, a fact attested to by this year's Young Entrepreneur Award winners. All of them are in highly competitive fields of endeavour and innovation has served as the catalyst to give them a leading edge.

BDC created the Young Entrepreneur Awards, part of Small Business Week, to recognize and honour the business achievements of Canadians aged 18 to 30 in every province and territory.

This year is the 10th anniversary of the YEA and in marking this milestone BDC is launching the BDC Forum. This event features training programs, discussions among YEA winners, academics and

business leaders, and consulting sessions delivered by members of the BDC Consulting Group.

The theme of this year's YEA is, "You're the brains, you're the boss, you're the power...Let us tell the world." There is a compelling story behind each of our winning entrepreneurs and in the pages that follow we are proud to start telling the world about their exploits.

**Michel Veaud**  
President and CEO  
Business Development Bank of Canada

Canada's small businesses are the country's main driver of job creation and the backbone of the economy. The entrepreneurial genius that powers small businesses across the country takes the form of innovative ideas, hard work and the energy required to turn dreams into reality.

Every year, Small Business Week celebrates small business managers and owners who have had the genius to transform a business concept into a viable commercial undertaking, creating opportunities for them to share success stories and discuss future projects. During the week,

events and activities are held across the country, organized by BDC branches in cooperation with the Canadian Chamber of Commerce and with the support of national and local sponsors.

The presentation of BDC's Young Entrepreneur Awards marks the launch of Small Business Week. Thirteen awards are presented annually to young owners of businesses across Canada. What drives these outstanding young people? Why do they deserve to be this year's recipients of the Young Entrepreneur Awards? Read on to learn more.

## From Garage to Greenhouse

50 years ago, Jennifer (J.J.) and her brother Ron operated their Surrey-based herb and especially vegetable business out of the family garage. They had one telephone, a computer and 10 acres of land. Today, Evergreen Herbs Ltd. has 336,000 sq. ft. of greenhouse and is one of Canada's leading distributors of its product line, shipping gourmet herbaceous squash, baby carrots and the like as far away as Hong Kong and Japan.

"My brother and I have always had a big passion for the business and the entrepreneurial spirit just grew from that passion," J.J. remarks. "Both of us work at it on our own days a week and if there's a day we're not here we think something's wrong." The two brothers got the idea for the business because they sensed a lack of product diversity with most growers raising traditional root crops. They observed one of their competitors

in the specialty field and believed they could do things better in terms of quality and service. When Ron graduated from high school, he was going to be a police officer and J.J. was into marketing relations. "But we started working on herbs because we used their family farm."





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Entrepreneurs are fixing the economy of the West. Their ideas, drive and determination are creating jobs and building stronger communities across Canada.

To support small business entrepreneurs, Western Economic Diversification Canada (WD) funds the Western Canada Business Service Network—a network of partners offering over 100 points of service throughout the West. The network, made up of Canada Business Service Centres, Community Futures Development Corporations, Warner's Enterprise Initiative offices and Francophone Economic Development Organizations, helps entrepreneurs access the financing, resources and guidance they need to start or grow a business.

WD and its partners congratulate the winners of the Young Entrepreneur Awards and celebrate the innovative spirit of entrepreneurs across Canada.

**T.J. and Ron Hart,** Evergreen Herts Ltd., South Surrey, BC  
**Jared Sayers,** Red Flame Hot Tap Services Inc., AB  
**Dave O'Shea,** Silco Care Inc., Regina, SK  
**Tyler and Kirby Gempel,** Scott Briffitt, **Brent Stevenson,** Tell Us About Us Inc., MB  
**Shari Molotch,** Hest to Tax, Whitehorse, YT  
**Ryan Deberry,** Fire Protection Services Ltd., Yellowknife, NT  
**Tanya Tazay Gills,** Winnaq Music, Cambridge, NJ  
**Sei Cooke,** iNC Information Technology Consulting Inc., Kanata, ON  
**Marc Pelland, Moula Delcor, Marc Mohammed,** Woodcock Inc., Langford, BC  
**Jeremy Beckett,** PropertyGals.com Inc., Montreal, NB  
**Chris McGarrick,** Future Agri Farms Ltd., West Chesterbrook, NS  
**Justin Macleod,** Tomelco Technologies Inc., Belfast, PE  
**Gregory Roberts,** Pillay's Island Enterprises Ltd., Pillay's Island, NF

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### Hot-tapping Helmsman

Jared H. Sayers is no stranger to oil wells. Eleven years ago, at the age of 19, he worked for his father's company helping to control fires in Kuwait. That experience evolved into owning the only Canadian hot tapping company which provides a full turn-key package to the oil and gas industry.

I guess I've always been interested in the oil and gas sector, admits Sayers. At one point I considered becoming a chiropractor but I decided it wasn't for me and came back to the oil and gas industry.

Hot tapping, which involves welding connections onto existing pipes or pipelines while gas or oil is flowing through them, is not for the faint of heart. Sayers acknowledges that it may seem dangerous to the uninitiated but last year his company added 10 fireless safety record with 362 successful hot tapings. Sayers' company is also in the design engineering manufacturing

sector recently building a high-pressure hot tap machine and clamping system for a firm in Kazakhstan.

They had resources looking all over the world for a 10,000 psi (pounds per square inch) machine says Sayers.

He once had had back it or had anything like that? We said, yes we can do that, and we built something, tested it and proved it to them."



### In Caring Hands

Six years ago, David O'Shea now 29 was at a career crossroads. He had three years as an average engineering student; he knew he wanted to try something else but wasn't sure what. Then his mother, a registered nurse in Regina and a highly respected caregiver, suggested opening up a care home.

That piece of maternal advice was the stepping stone to an entrepreneurial career that has seen O'Shea open three Silco Care homes and focus up with a business partner. John Koster is owning a

restaurant, a gourmet pizza place and smoochies Jacks Coffee franchises.

I would describe myself as the most fortunate person on earth because I have great people I work with, mentions O'Shea, who got his first job as a busboy at age 15 and still remembers the feeling of satisfaction at pocketing his first tip.

O'Shea credits the persistence of a Silco Care employer for spawning his own action as the YEA application deadline neared. "She

phoned me every day and asked David, did you fill it out? Entrepreneur of the Year Award application yet?" I said, no. She said, "Get it? Work! Imagine I almost didn't fill out the application."

Nevertheless, O'Shea is not only running his companies, he is writing the operations manuals to franchise the various businesses. "If anyone out there is looking for franchising opportunities, my cell phone is always on," he declares.



### Telling It Like It Is

Developing the right synergy in a key partner business might pose a formidable challenge but that hasn't been the case for Tyler Gempel. 29, his brother Kirby, 27, Scott Briffitt, 27 and Brent Stevenson, 25. The four run Winnaq based Tell Us About Us Inc., which provides proactive customer satisfaction and quality measurement programs, along with resolve customer resolution and complaint management services.

We have a heavy foundation of trust," explains Tyler, a sentiment that Briffitt expands on by noting there's definitely a common thread in our understanding of the strategies and objectives of the company as a whole.

The partners, who are friends from their secondary days, are people-oriented whether they are dealing with their growing North American and international clientele or their Friday at-dinner sessions with staff to discuss goals and accomplishments.

Of the partnership Stevenson says, it really is a team effort.

Briffitt brings a technical capability. Tyler brings the outside thought and vision. Scott combines the technical, vision and analytical aspect. I bring the enthusiasm and I drive the roller coaster some days.

Adds Kirby: The thing about this partnership is that we are friends as well as professionals. We look as silly and banter it up as a long-term long experience that has gone from zero to a million-dollar operation with unlimited potential and an exciting future."





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## An Aquaponic Experience

A visit to a salmon hatchery as a 12-year-old opened Carla MacQuarrie's interest in aquaculture. Not only did aquaculture and hydroponics or aquaponics become her specialty, Master's thesis, they have developed into a profitable market through her company, Futura Aqua Farms Ltd. in Charlottetown, N.S. Here, waste products from bioplastic are transferred into delicious organic and hydroponically grown vegetables, such as spinach, basil, tomatoes and fresh herbs.

People would look at our

business plan and say "It looks good on paper," but how are you ever going to get it to work?" notes MacQuarrie. "And now we're one of Nova Scotia's top aquaculture/aquaponics farm spots for government departments and large retailers."

MacQuarrie says her company is unique in that it has turned a traditionally water- and energy-demanding system into one that is energy-efficient and very sustainable. The system, which is a novel approach from a research and development perspective, has

attracted widespread attention globally, helping to raise the volume of correspondence that MacQuarrie receives.

The organic products, meanwhile, have drawn raves at the Saturday Market's market and the whole food/health restaurants that Futura Aqua Farms Ltd. serves. The spinach salad is a particular favourite. As MacQuarrie says simply, "You might get the same nutrients chemically, but organically it's so much richer and fuller."



**CARLA MACQUARRIE**

## Data- and Family-Based

From a small base in Charlottetown, Justin MacLeod's family operated Terris Technologies develops database solutions for clients of home and abroad—software products that do everything from helping the local hospital manage its blood lab to assisting sports leagues in preparing schedules.

The software industry is very competitive, even more so now with the advent of the Internet, remarks MacLeod. "Our product sales are primarily through the Internet and 10 years ago we wouldn't have been able to reach the worldwide market the way we do today."

While MacLeod's technologies are online, the firm is a throwback to the era of family-owned and operated enterprises—MacLeod's father-in-law is his business partner, while his mother-in-law helps out in sales and

support, and his wife looks after the bookkeeping.

The ledger reflects steady growth since 1991, the year in which MacLeod began developing his employees to the company.

"When you start looking back at where you were then and where you are now it's nice to see that you're showing a positive upward trend," says MacLeod.



**JUSTIN MACLEOD**

## NEWFOUNDLAND & LABRADOR

### Cornering the Rural Market

Gregory Roberts, 38, has the misadventure of an accountant and the sangfroid of an old-fashioned small-town merchant when it comes to risk taking. He has parlayed this rare combination into a line of thriving businesses: gas station, convenience store, restaurant, pharmacy and a chartered accountant practice among them—in a largely agricultural market in central Newfoundland.

"This part of the economy is probably the one most overlooked by investors and because of this

there are numerous opportunities in rural Newfoundland," says Roberts, whose family has a long history of entrepreneurship.

In fact, one of Gregory's brothers owns a competing gas station nearby. Many Canadian industries are so well established that there is little room for new entrants. Roberts involved a community alliance at the Green Bay South area—including volunteer work as a teacher with the local school board and overseeing his company's distribution of Christmas hampers to the needy—Roberts says that he

and his staff are firm believers in giving back to the community.

As for his ability to achieve the goals in his company's five-year plan in a mere two years, Roberts chuckles. "It's a combination of diversification, maintaining strict internal control and surrounding myself with many excellent people. The biggest asset in the company is not found on its balance sheet but in its human resources—the many talented people who work for the company."



**GREGORY ROBERTS**

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## THE AERO-CASTE SYSTEM

I used to scorn airline perks. Then I got them, and became an instant sky snob.

**IF YOU'RE ANYTHING** like me, and naïvely believe that our democracy breeds equality, you probably haven't spent much time in our nation's airports. While we go about our daily routines, most of us are blissfully ignorant of another class structure and our place within it. Not until we are afflicted with deep wear throughout does the true nature of our quality system reveal itself in its hierarchical glory.

On many occasions, specifically while standing in airport "hospitality" line ups longer than the Great Wall of China, I have had time to contemplate how passengers who fly our national airline are blatantly ranked by class in such terms as Member, Prestige, Elite and Super Elite. We may as well be labelled Serf, Noble, Lord and Monarch, but those words don't translate directly into our two official languages.

I have been thinking more about this more since I was recently elevated beyond grant Member status to Prestige, albeit not against level of endurance. Due to a combination of circumstances which include business offices on two continents, I managed to accumulate enough air miles in eight months to skip the Perseus wing of the benefit ladder altogether and land firmly on the presidential plank. I am now, I am shocked to admit, a member of the Elite Caste.

For years, the familiar fragility of hospitality class was merely a reminder of how lucky I was to be able to travel more than the average citizen. I learned the nuances of ignorance between the first three or four rows as I boarded yet another plane and submitted to airline seating. I perused of pretzels with coughing and sneezing strangers. I endured North Atlantic Syndrome and did Kegel exercises waiting in the lengthy lavatory line-ups. I did not rest—ouch—the five figure I knew was being disbursed to the cockpit as the front. Abstinence and moderate discretion are character-building.

That was until a white envelope promising enjoyable air travel for an entire year arrived in my desk, complete with baggage

tags and upgrade coupons. My idealism for an egalitarian society was discarded as quickly as an orange juice sitting on the chain picnic and orange juice!

I was extremely gratified to learn that I could fly first class on an economy fare ticket with an upgrade coupon, several of which I now possessed, that the extra baggage I was now allowed would be among the very first off the carousel at the end of my journey, and that I had an inside track in the continual quest for reward points tickets.

Best of all, I was now worthy of entering that hallowed business-travelers' lounge with the big leather door. I had discovered the hallowed place to a night in guest some months earlier, but always felt conspicuous and vaguely unwelcome, like a student in the teachers' staff room at lunchtime. Now I was entitled to cross the threshold on my very own, skip the free booze, nosh the sandwiches, collect my e-mail and use a really fancy bathroom. With all of those newly afforded me, I started hard to the acquisition of the Aero-caste system. I became an instant sky snob.



Imagine my indignation when I took my own trip and discovered that some benefits according to this system are actually conditional, such as those upgrade certificates that are only valid for higher-priced economy tickets (my "cheap" Web fare tickets don't qualify). More shockingly, I learned that some Elite benefits, such as access to award seats that are never then sold on the Grand Inland, are in practice reserved for the fraternity of the highest level. Super Elite is restricted to disciples of Holmes, such as my partner, who are airborne most of their waking lives. When he managed to get from Seattle to Paris via Canada and England three days after 9/11, when the rest of the Western world was hunkered for a week, I searched his suitcase for gold feathers.

So now I am emotionally conflicted. The voice of conscience, left over from my activist days, urges me to be true to my belief that we are all created equal and boycott the Elite label altogether. However, my practical side argues, it is impossible for me not to fly, and it would be a real pain in the cockpit not to fly so this particular airline given its direct routes to my usual destinations. Should I deceive myself in the first person to voluntarily forfeit the benefits, limited but correct, of upper level frequent flying? That may be elusive, but it is a dilemma. The fact remains that whenever I do, I will still be pigeon-holed into a class one with perks or one without. I'm afraid it's a no-brainer.

Also, as in all caste structures, entrance is always exclusive. Exclusivity is a fact of our existence, we all want to belong to something bigger than ourselves that distinguishes us from the rest of the mubble, whether it is a religious affiliation or a book club. And if we think we have "earned" our place in that group, our sense of entitlement is square. Hence, the self-satisfied smirks of frequent flyers as they pass a transatlantic lunch menu of caviar, truffle of Cote d'Azur, Loin with Truffles and Potatoes, knowing everyone in the back is eating a cold hen and cheese soup instead.

The freedom to belong to those groups, or to choose not to, is one of the biggest rewards of living in our democratic, if not egalitarian, society. I hope to take comfort from that thought the next time I'm bumped from a flight.

Kimberley Hicks does her thing out of Madison, Wisconsin. [kimberley@madison.ca](mailto:kimberley@madison.ca)







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## Environment | »

Pines, where ash is sometimes used as a woodchuck. But ash is not just an urban shade tree. Harvested primarily in Ontario and Quebec, it is used for firewood, flooring, kitchen cabinets, tool handles, baseball bats and hockey sticks—all of which, thanks to the infectious green horre, may soon cost more. Ken Marchant, a forestry specialist with the Canadian Food Inspection Agency (CFIA), responsible for preventing pests from spreading, says Windsor's infestation presents a serious threat in Ontario, and potentially other parts of Canada. Marchant says the damage goes beyond money. "It's very dangerous to put a monetary value on any tree," he says. "The environmental impact could be far worse."

Native to Mongolia, China, eastern Russia, Korea, Japan and Taiwan, the borer was first spotted last May in Michigan. It took until July, with the help of a Slovakian entomologist, to identify the repulsive invader. Ten days later, Michigan clamped a quarantine on Detroit and five surrounding counties. The ash borer probably landed in Detroit's port after hiding a ride on wooden packing crates or the scow-burrier used to wedges to secure cargo in a ship's hold. It appears the infestation took root in south-eastern Michigan in late five years ago. The state surveyed 680,000 landscape trees and 11 million sites in forests and found half of them dead, dying or showing symptoms. Every autumn in the affected counties could be dead in as little as three years. There are 750 million trees in the state—for now. That's just four per cent of the forest, but it's still a lot of trees.

The borer kills by laying tiny eggs on the bark. Once the larvae hatch, they burrow through and attack the tree's circulatory system just below the bark's surface, smothering the flow of nutrients and water. A tree can be internally infected and show no insect on its outward signs. Testing away the bark reveals serpentine tunnels left by the well-fed larvae, which hibernates over the winter. In the spring, the larvae pupate and in May emerge as adults, leaving behind telltale D-shaped holes in the tree bark. With-

In a year, up to half of the tree's canopy dies. The tree sometimes sprouts branches along the trunk in a last-ditch but ultimately futile effort to survive. Trees usually die within two to three years.

The Detroit River only delayed the beetle's assault on Canada. Experts estimate the



The Asian bug has infected trees in Ladakh and other communities around Windsor

infestation started about a year after the bug reached Michigan. Canadian scientists first spotted the bug in July, identified it in August, and followed that with a risk assessment. Federal Agriculture Minister Lyle Wortley signed the quarantine order in mid-September. While Marchant says the food inspection agency advised local news outlets and issued orders of the order in September, it wasn't until a month later that the agency issued a media release to stimulate wider awareness. Lawyer Robert Holland, a member of the Windsor-based Ash Borer Coalition, thinks authorities are reacting too slowly. Holland wants federal funds allocated promptly "so the money's there to stop this thing, not spring."

The global fire made in bugs like the ash borer has hit many operations hard. We'll be late, 47, owns a garden centre in the town of Chatham, near to Windsor, and inside the quarantined area. He says he has about 1,000 ash, 10 to 22 years old, that would have been worth as much as \$150,000. Now, he couldn't give them away. The faster

of three services seriously badly option— you have to be a business, he says. With a chill wind driving the day's drizzle, he says the worthless fruits of his labour. He is prepared to move on, but wants federal officials to act promptly to stop the borer's advance. "They have to do the right thing," says Holland, "and they have to do it quick."

But what can you do when the available research indicates that even how far this bug can fly? The five-kilometre "firebreak" is one potential option, but is that wide enough? "That's based on what we know about this tree," says Marchant, "which isn't a lot." Adding the agency, however, are the war fronts of almost every town in the region. Meanwhile, the CFIA has warned all Ontario municipalities to be on the lookout. Canadian and U.S. efforts are collaborating, and the CFIA is trying to develop better survey techniques to more accurately define the extent limits of the infestation.

Will that be enough? In Toronto, 370 km to the north-west, city councillor Richard Urquhart is taking steps to release ash and the public to protect the 27,000 ash trees that have city trees. An infestation could cost millions, and ash affects neighbourhoods of their treasured canopy. It's not just aesthetics, either. Without shade, increased air-conditioning use would require more electricity, exacerbating an already serious energy problem as power plants struggle to keep up. Homeowners on damaged streets could see property values drop. "When you consider the whole mess," says Urquhart, "it's quite depressing."

**One possible strategy would be to fell every ash tree in a five-kilometre-wide ring surrounding the affected areas**

# WHAT A WONDERFUL WORLD

Gail Anderson-Dargatz muses on transcendence

FOUR YEARS AGO, when Gail Anderson-Dargatz and her husband were renting a farmhouse in Miller, Alta., dogs would regularly find in the driveway, fall into the fire and land unceremoniously in the basement. Rich "sneak-dash models," she says, inspired her to use the beds as a comic foil in her most recent novel, *A Mountain Between*. With a dead duck dropping from the sky and a clapped duck waddling around a kitchen, she imagines Anderson-Dargatz as a border on a landscape. But, as with her best-selling previous novels—*The Cure for Death by Lightning* (nominated for a Giller in 1996) and *A Recipe for Rain* (also nominated, in 1999)—these artfully deployed lighter touches do not undermine the new book's serious themes.

When the clock drops, it strikes Job Sonarsen on the head. Job is a single, church-going farmer with an unusually pretty face and an even more unusual anxiety disorder, apoplexy. It leads him to perceive sounds as colours and shapes, creating a sense of euphoria which temporarily transports him from the mundane. But when his older brother Jacob, an unemployed Baptist preacher, returns to the family farm with a shrewish wife and alienated adolescent, Job starts to lose touch with his mystical side, falling prey to guilt and anxiety.

Following his brother's suicide, Job flirts with emigration, even speaking in tongues in the hope of regaining his sense of wonder. He also develops an appreciation for the awe-inspiring arts of distance around him, and it is this tension between earthly and religious paths to happiness that drives the resolution of the novel.

As with the books, Anderson-Dargatz's explanation of the emotional drama she draws upon events close to home. In 1994, doctors removed a large tumour from her husband's



The best-selling B.C. author's new novel is propelled by the tension between earthly and religious paths to happiness

brain. In the years leading up to the great malaise that precipitated the operation, and during the painstaking recovery that followed, Job was unable to filter out environmental stimuli. "Smelling and touching became overwhelming," explains the 39-year-old author. He showed persons after him that he was "a powerfully emotional, profound sense of awe."

Anderson-Dargatz became convinced that she had the ability to sense something beyond the "real" world as "built into our flesh." She believes that's why humans are made religious. Raised in the United Church near Salmon Arm, B.C., the author (now living in Vancouver Island) also flirted with evangelical Christianity in her late teens. She started questioning her faith as a teenager, but kept her own sense of awe about the world. "It's hard to talk about without sounding flaky. I'm from a farming family. We're so grounded we can't get our feet out of the mud." Then she takes the plunge: "I don't have a belief in God now, but now,

when a God-like thing is to be felt."

In writing *A Mountain Between*, Anderson-Dargatz walks a fine line. On the one hand, the pain and rigidity of the born-again make them easy targets. But she reminds us how sacred she was during her brush with emigration, and so imparts some dignity to her characters. While celebrity evangelist Jack Ducey appears in *A Mountain Between* as a former Salvationist with a sign in the parking lot reading "Miracles That Way," his flock includes people who have changed more than religious fervor lighting their souls. Still, her criticism of the damage inflicted by a narrow world view ultimately prevails.

A year ago, Anderson-Dargatz gave birth to Graham, her first child, shortly after she put the finishing touches on *A Mountain Between*, then turned to a new novel. "When I was breastfeeding, I was constructing one to my mind," she says. "Idea would percolate up, like in the time before falling asleep. That fuzzy head-space—lucidness brain, I call it—is the space I'm in when I write. It used to take me two hours to get done, now I just live in it." Gail Anderson-Dargatz, *A Mountain Between*, is an intimate story with transcendence. **B**



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# BORN TO BLOOM UNSEEN

In two novels by Canadian women, female protagonists struggle in obscurity

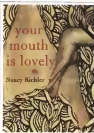
THEY ARE TWO historical novels written by Canadian women. Both are set in foreign lands amid politically charged times. Both stories are told by not-very-pretty young women who, abandoned by their mothers at an early age, struggle to come to terms with feelings of longing and loss. But despite the similarities, publisher HarperCollins is not returning to formula. Helen Humphreys' *The Lost Garden* and Nancy Richler's *Your Mouth Is Lovely* are very distinct tales with disparate appeal.

*The Lost Garden*, by Kingston, Ont., poet and novelist Helen Humphreys, centres on Gwen Davis, a prodigal horticulturalist who has displaced her entire identity with passion for gardening and the fiction of Virginia Woolf. Although her mother has recently died, in reality she'd left Gwen long ago. As German bombs leave her beloved London in ruins, she accepts a post on a dishevelled Devon estate overseeing a contingent of the Land Girls charged with planting potatoes. The friendships she develops—one with a Canadian author also stationed on the estate who's sweetly tender to the bone, the other with a Land Girl whose flirtatiousness is missing in action—embodies her to this day at the walls of self-protection she has spent years constructing. At the same time, she discovers a hidden garden as the property and sets about deciphering the story of loss and low-mooded in the names and attributes of its flowers. The garden serves as a metaphor for Gwen's voyage of self-discovery, as well as that of her friends.

Carefully composed and evocative, Humphreys' prose deftly carries the narrative. Reflecting on the changes wrought by the war, Gwen says, "I realize that we haven't left our loss. They have left us. The known things in them. The structure of our days. All the heart of who we are have been removed from us. We have been abandoned by the very faces of ourselves, by the softest neighbourhood of the old world." Where Humphreys' third novel follows the character of Gwen, even in her most vulnerable moments, she remains a elusive figure, a curiosity rather than



Humphreys' book is a carefully composed, evocative chronicle of self-discovery



In Richler's novel, a revolutionary in Russia explains herself to her daughter

someone who clicks into captivity. As with a beautiful garden, it is the texture of the book more than any individual aspect that lingers in the mind.

The opening lines of Vancouverite Nancy Richler's second novel, *Your Mouth Is Lovely*, happen to feature a garden. It is the spring of 1911 in Siberia, and Miriam, the 23-year-old Jewish narrator, is serving the fifth year of a life sentence for her part in the failed 1905 uprising. Describing the smell of mould and decay as a fellow inmate tends the compost in the prison yard, she sets up the story's own themes of loss and regeneration. The story is framed as a letter Miriam is writing to her daughter—born shortly after her imprisonment and now living with an aunt in Moscow—explaining her own childhood and the events leading to her political involvement. A prisoner, and vividly drawn, figure in Miriam's chronicle is her forward-thinking

stepmother, Tilla, who prides herself on raising an intellectual daughter. Haunted (at times, literally) by a past filled with misfortune, and living in dangerous times for a Jew, Miriam must negotiate a path between the traditions of her small village and the revolutionary ideas percolating in the Russian underground.

In a refreshing departure from most novels about revolution, *Your Mouth Is Lovely* places women at its centre. Richler, who holds a master's degree in Russian studies, has created a string of strong, intelligent women, from strike leaders to village yentas. Even the old women's gossip, so easy to parody, is infused with dignity and wit. The author is equally adept at injecting the political issues of the day into the text. Never forced, they simply become part of the fabric of her characters' lives. In Richler's book, both story and culture leave a lasting impression.



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# A PROPHET GETS SOME HONOUR

BRIAN D. JOHNSON looks at the McLuhan revival

**MARSHALL MCLUHAN**, what are you doing? During the late '60s, this glib and laconic became a running gag on *Laugh In*, network television's loopy answer to the counterculture. It confirmed that McLuhan, a Toronto academic, had become an unlikely icon of American pop culture, a household name like Timothy Leary or Cheech & Chas. But it was also a sign that this counter-culture guru, the most prodigious intellectual of his time, was becoming absorbed, and eroded, by the very phenomenon that he analysed with such acuity—loss of identity in the media wires.

"Big discoveries are protected by public incredulity"

**THE MEDIA** had their fun with McLuhan, treating him as a plaything, swivelling him. But by his death in 1980, he had been credited in the academic world, which looked on him as vulgar celebrity. By the '90s, most of his books were out of print, and now three are anniversary graduates who draw a blank when you mention McLuhan's name. Others may recall only a couple of catchphrases—"the global village" or "the medium is the message." McLuhan laid the bedrock of what's now called media studies, and carried the Internet debate beyond it. Yet his ideas have been as well subsumed by pop culture that we need to forget where they came from. There's no mention of McLuhan in Naomi Klein's *No Logo*, the best-selling title of the straggle-alike movement. Yet her notion of the "brandopole" seems inconceivable without his vision of the media as a superintending environment.

Finally, however, McLuhan appears to be enjoying a comeback. *Wired* magazine led the way by adopting him as a lead of



McLuhan with friend René Denz's 1965 work *Print Papers All*, inspired by the guru's ideas

personae. His books are gradually finding their way back into print. Last week, at Toronto's Design Theatre, award-winning Canadian playwright Jason Sherman presented a public workshop of *The Message*, a new play about McLuhan struggling to recover his memory after a stroke. And on Dec. 1, Ontario public broadcaster TVO launched "Marshall McLuhan Week." It includes two new documentaries, McLuhan's ABC and McLuhan's Wake, plus a series of 15 seven-minute length spotlights called McLuhan's Probe—presenting his aphorisms on NASA space footage set to classical music. "The resurgence is a long overdue," says David Sobelman, a McLuhan scholar who wrote the three TVO projects. "McLuhan is better known in Europe and the United States than in Canada."

Directed by Renee McLuhan, Attila's

Wife, a feature on produced by the National Film Board, examines its subject in McLuhanesque style, choreographing his ideas with a succession of images. McLuhan seems on the whole—on the "world pool," as McLuhan called it—an overbearing metaphor. In describing "the huge vortex of energy" created by technology, McLuhan drew a story by Edgar Allan Poe, *A Discourse into the Marliners*, and posed the question: "How are we to get out of the machines created by our own ingenuity?"

McLuhan seems to have the same problem. Introducing his well-crafted down memory with overworked animation sequences of a sailor trapped in a whirlpool, he made the metaphorology *The Gleaner*, who grow up in Niagara Falls, Ont., and made a documentary called *The Wells*, can't seem to escape that vortex. But his film does a superb job of showing how McLuhan foresees the "the electric age" would colour our world with a virtual environment.

"The future is not what it used to be"

LIKE MOST good prophets, McLuhan didn't consider himself one. He said he was just registering what he saw around him. But he more or less predicted the Internet as early as 1966. "Instead of going out and buying a predated book," he said, "you will go to the telephone, describe your message, your needs, your problem, and they at once Xerox with the help of computers from the libraries of the world, all the latest material

just for you personally.... This is where we're headed under electronic information conditions." Sounds like a definition of a search engine.

While McLuhan's message, "the medium is the message," has become a cliché, few people are familiar with the second half of the vision—"the user is the content." Again, he could be talking about the Internet. McLuhan also saw that the penetration of modern media on both sides, that it could be potentially liberating, or Orwellian. Anticipating the on-line criticism exemplified by *No Logo*, he said, "Advertising is a war, military operation openly and brazenly intended to conquer the human spirit. The advertiser is a manipulator, yes. He plays around with human beings as if they were bagmen. He unsees us."

"All advertising advertises advertising"

ALTHOUGH MCLUHAN was a devout Roman Catholic and a conservative, McLuhan's film makes a compelling case that he was a revolutionary thinker. "People are moved by technology," says McLuhan. "The optimistic side of McLuhan's message is you've built these things, and you can own them. If you understand how they affect you, you can use them as a really important tool. There are very few people who deal with technology as a force in and of itself, apart from economics."

Part of what made McLuhan unfashionable, especially on the left, was his inability to turn a blind eye to both class and gender in describing how "visual space" (visual culture) was going to go to "acoustic space" (electronic culture). He would analyze media as pure technology. What he was discussing 150 (who he never tried) on television (which he rarely watched), he kept refusing to pass judgment. "I'm not advocating anything," he merely probing and predicting trends," he insisted during a 1969 *Playboy* interview. "Yes, *Playboy*? Talk about

a policy of attack of "visual space"—a film magazine front-loaded with Big Ideas.

But that *Playboy* interview (reprinted in a 1995 anthology titled *Reclaiming McLuhan*) offers one of the most colorful and comprehensive overviews of McLuhan's philosophy. When pushed, he admits that he has "nothing but distance for the process of change." But in comparing the tribal potential of the electric age to old-fashioned pre-think, he sounds like a *New Age* ecologist. "Literate man," he says, "is alienated, impoverished man, alienated man can lead a richer and more fulfilling life... in a seamless web of interdependence and harmony."

McLuhan faced a precise dilemma. He was an exceptionally literate man, an English professor at the University of Toronto who read several hundred books a year. And his theories grew from an early fascination with the ancient roots of grammar, rhetoric and logic. But he became fixated by going on television and predicting the death of literacy. Periodically, this hyper-literate thinker was a more loud talker than a writer. "As he became a guru, I think he started to identify with the Donquixote wave of adulation that was waiting," says author Christopher Dewdney, a fellow of the U of T's McLuhan Program in Culture and Technology. "He showed such a glow, an almost white identification with this revolution he was describing."

"Mysticism is just tomorrow's science dreamed today"

AS HE TOYED with the media, playing a kind of verbal jitsu, McLuhan was, in effect, rebranding the literary legacy—going back to the oral tradition. At the time, people found him mystifying; now he makes perfect sense. Another voice ahead of his time. "McLuhan just keeps coming back," says Dewdney, who explores the fabric of technology in *The Sinner* (1993) and *Last First* (1998). "His analyses have tried to catch his vision in a coldly objective way that was so dependent on his personality and the chemistry of his mind. We need somebody like him, a second coming. But there's no 'no' to him." In the meantime, we can always go back to the medium who became the message. And if anyone wants to know, Marshall McLuhan is dead! Just fine. B



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## CLOSINGNOTES

### MUSIC | 72



**John Mayer and his hot licks**  
This 25-year-old folk-rock, blues, and funk musician is a guitar whiz who has reached a wide audience with his singing and songwriting prowess. And he's recently discovered what he wants to be when he grows up.



### PEOPLE | 73

**The couple that dances together**  
Singer Kurt Browning and ballerina Natalia Rodriguez made time for a TV special and each a tour.



### Listings | Arts & crafts

**Scavengers of Canada**  
Until Oct. 26, 2003  
The Canadian Museum of Civilization presents a collection of found objects—mostly lemons, lighters and maple syrup—created by Ben Chasins, a Toronto-based artist.

**The Night that Freddy Murphy died**  
Until May  
A theatrical production of the interactive musical—based on the novel by Geraldine Brooks—will be staged by the Toronto Public Library.

**Black Box**  
Until Dec. 6  
The Toronto Arts Centre stages an adaptation of William Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night* (and a bit of *As You Like It*) about a tragicomic romance.

**The Way We Were**  
Until Nov. 30  
A new musical production of the 1968 film, featuring a cast of young actors, is being staged at the Toronto Public Library.

**Solo and meters**  
Until Dec. 6-12  
The Toronto Public Library's Impact cash for the holidays.

### Film | Extreme auteurs, athletes and adolescents

Who says Canadians can't make action pictures? This country's new generation of filmmakers are adolescents armed with digital video cameras. And their stars are teen daredevils. Early in November, **David Klugebary**, 15, of Roberts Creek, B.C., became the youngest director ever to win a prize at the Banff Mountain Film Festival. *The Essence of Adolescence* is a 30-minute montage of teens involving skateboarding, snowboarding, skin and BMX bikes—quick-cut to hip-hop, punk and reggae music. Klugebary's model was a pack of older, professional competitors to win the best film on Mountain film festival. Along with other Banff winners, *Essence of Adolescence* will tour Canada and 28 countries around the world. Klugebary aspires to be another

**Klugebary (above)**  
is a prize-winning director. *Scavengers of Canada* and *Health* (below)

### THEATRE

For more on the Banff Mountain Film Festival:  
<http://www.banffcentre.ca/programs/culture/>



**Sarah Spiegelberg**—“he started off a really young age, like I did.” But his first love was not to have been, possible without his mother, **Brona**. She jumped in to do the right for the songs on the soundtrack so he could show the film without being used.

Another young director, **Angus Jones**, 16, from North Vancouver, has made a 40-minute skateboard video, *Scavengers and Health*, with a cast of teen skateboarders, including his 13-year-old brother, **Will**. Son of the late director **Philip Baran** (*The Grey Fox*), Angus has filmed a funny, affectionate ode to kids who fly over railings, stairs and concrete obstructions. Angus has staged a few public screenings for friends but the footage is set to be released, pushed with love. So if he wants to take the film any higher, his mother will have to start shopping for the rights to *Pink Floyd* and the *Rolling Stones*. **JOHN A. JENNINGS**



John Mayer loves being the centre of attention. "I'm the star in all my songs," says the guitarist from Fairfield, Conn. "I'm a third-person narcissist, hearing 'he' and 'she' in music. That's up-in-the-brooding-owl-on-a-trailer-park, country shit, and not the type of music I ever want to make." A bad code? Definitely. But Mayer, 25, is living a charmed life. This first full-length album, *Room for Squares*, is a major success. *Sir John* (John kept lighted his one of today's top young performers, and the in-foto-three songs-per-minute has just emerged from a highly publicized romance with actress Jennifer Love Hewitt. His days pumping gas for minimum wage and nights playing solo in small clubs are now a distant memory.

While Meyer caters to a wide-ranging fan base, there's a high percentage of teenage girls in the crowd. He owes their good taste. "There is something in the music (he plays) that's relative. It's an audience that realistically has a lot of everything for everyone," Ben, according to Meyer, there will be less youthful exuberance in his next recording. "I've proven I can write a song with 100 chords," he says. "Guns for Squares was a big 'what do I want to be when I get older?' sort of music. I have a better idea what I want to be now." He says he wants to be a performer, not just a guy with impressive guitar licks. So he plans to write songs that "sound good live." Songs that'll tear John Meyer

STUDY INTENTIONS

**THE RED LIST** by Anita Diamant. "It's a revision of the book of Genesis. It's centered on Sarah—Jacob's only daughter—who gets about two lines in the Bible." **B**

**NICKEL AND DIMED** by Barbara Ehrenreich. "The author tried to live for three months at minimum wage in the U.S. and exposes how horrible it is."

[illegible]

The author of *The Crimson Petal and the White*, **Michelle Wildgen**, describes the novel as a sociological treatise and says it is about children (adults) that where the book is based, in person fiction displays no such-like sustainability and literary style. The *Sugar-bloss*, Australia-raised and southern Scotland-based Wildgen, 42, doesn't gloss over anything in his read – from the reality of sex in the streets to the trauma-induced results of Williams's well-being in an interview he gives past any of the hardships he might have endured during the 20-odd years of writing this book. "The story," he says, "just comes from deep inside of me."

Felix, who wrote the original version in long hand while a student of Victorian literature at Melbourne University, strove for an "architectural structure" reminiscent of the classic 19th-century novel, such as George Eliot's *Middlemarch*. "I'm very keen on grabbing people vocally,"

He says, "But I'm also a hugely analytical writer." The book, incredibly precise, is also at times deeply disorienting. "I'm making the reader to read without in to some very dark places," he says. "It's so important for me to have that kind of trust." And in the end, *Flaubert's* ultimate message—one he and Nagler both discovered in the course of this novel—is uplifting: "When you open yourself up to love and darkness, you're going to lose a lot of the old clichés and a taxonomy that you get from rape. But it's still worth it." —JAN CAMERON



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## People | Always on their toes

Tucked away near Toronto's Casa Loma, the home of Karla Browning and Sonia Rodriguez is hard to find. Making the house number visible from the street was one of the couple's list of former projects, but with their busy schedules, it fell by the wayside. Rodriguez, 29, a principal dancer for the National Ballet of Canada, is currently performing in *The Firebird*. And Browning, 36, spends six months of the year with Stars on Ice. The four-time world figure skating champion gave up his amateur status in 1994 and has been touring and competing as a professional ever since. It's a lucrative life, but grueling too—he'll perform in 70 cities

for Stars on Ice before he gets any time off next spring. So unlike his days as a skater, Karla's little treat for training and practice. "As a professional," he says, "there's nothing but exercise." When Browning's away, Leah, a Portuguese water dog, keeps Rodriguez company.

Recently, the couple—who were married six years ago—have been working together on a TV special, *Karla Browning's Gette Show*. The two-hour show, which aired Nov. 30 on the W Network, integrates skating medallions, including Brian Orser, Josée Chouinard, Liu Chong, and the Russian 2002 Olympic gold medalists, Elena Berezhnaya and Anton Sikharulidze, musician (Deborah Cox and Ednas & The Presumps) and dancers

Browning and Rodriguez work and play together—even if she can't skate.

(Anti-gravity and, of course, Rodriguez) The challenge, says Browning, is to "blend them so they don't look like a pambled mess." In order to perform together in the show, the couple had to get creative. Rodriguez can be seen dancing on stage or on a chair or in Browning's arms. But the ballerina's feet never touch the ice—the can't risk an injury. And while she owns a pair of burgundy suede skates which Browning gave her for Christmas, she doesn't know how to use them. "When I hang up the pointe shoes," says Rodriguez, "I'll bring the skates out."

HELEN RUTHERY

PHOTOGRAPH BY PETER HEDGECOCK

## Books | The path of glory

For 32 years the satirical magazine *Archie of Improbable Research* has looked out at a livable Howard country no less, by label, prices for, well, improbable research. Now AR editor and founder Mike Albemarle has written *Archie of Improbable Research: A History of the World's Most Bizarre Research*. The book is a collection of his best researches. They include a New York veterinarian who wanted car makers to fit a car with his own ear and "carefully noted what happened after that," and several Canadians, among the latter is Roy MacLennan of North Bay, Ont. who took the 1998 Ice for Safety Engineering award for his daring notion that for his greatly-erred salt of vinegar itself. MacLennan earned a blast from a 12-gauge shotgun a jump off a 70-ft cliff and an attack by three large bears armed with baseball bats. Naturally, he and his 12-gauge gun, which is now in the custody of court temporarily released to him, were greeted with wild cheering at the top.

"I'm just a simple man from Northern Ontario, standing in the hallways of the hospital," the book's last ever subtitle. Inventor told the crowd "I'm still alive, anyway!"



## BESTSELLERS

### Fiction

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| 1. <b>THE INSURABLE GUY</b> , Andrew Lloyd (2)               | 2 |
| 2. <b>THE LAST DAYS OF THE AMERICAN</b> , David Shields (2)  | 2 |
| 3. <b>A HUNDRED BOTTLES</b> , Jeff Andrews (2)               | 2 |
| 4. <b>THE HUNTER OF NEW YORK</b> , Michael Chabon (2)        | 2 |
| 5. <b>REVEREND GORDON</b> , David Shields (2)                | 2 |
| 6. <b>THE LAST DAYS OF THE AMERICAN</b> , David Shields (2)  | 2 |
| 7. <b>THE LAST DAYS OF THE AMERICAN</b> , David Shields (2)  | 2 |
| 8. <b>THE LAST DAYS OF THE AMERICAN</b> , David Shields (2)  | 2 |
| 9. <b>THE LAST DAYS OF THE AMERICAN</b> , David Shields (2)  | 2 |
| 10. <b>THE LAST DAYS OF THE AMERICAN</b> , David Shields (2) | 2 |

### Non-fiction

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| 1. <b>THE INSURABLE GUY</b> , Andrew Lloyd (2)               | 2 |
| 2. <b>THE LAST DAYS OF THE AMERICAN</b> , David Shields (2)  | 2 |
| 3. <b>A HUNDRED BOTTLES</b> , Jeff Andrews (2)               | 2 |
| 4. <b>THE HUNTER OF NEW YORK</b> , Michael Chabon (2)        | 2 |
| 5. <b>REVEREND GORDON</b> , David Shields (2)                | 2 |
| 6. <b>THE LAST DAYS OF THE AMERICAN</b> , David Shields (2)  | 2 |
| 7. <b>THE LAST DAYS OF THE AMERICAN</b> , David Shields (2)  | 2 |
| 8. <b>THE LAST DAYS OF THE AMERICAN</b> , David Shields (2)  | 2 |
| 9. <b>THE LAST DAYS OF THE AMERICAN</b> , David Shields (2)  | 2 |
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## MY BIG FAT GREEK STORY

In which our writer, whose wife is in the movie, undergoes the real experience

**MY WIFE AND I** had just arrived at Tootsie's Pearson airport, preparing to leave for our "big fat Greek wedding" getaway, when a fan of hers came digging out of nowhere. Bubbly, charming, and hot mid-30s, the woman purred excitedly at my wife, Stavroula Logothetis: "You're in that movie, aren't you?" She whined. Please, she begged, Stavroula answered in the affirmative. Neither mentioned the film's name, which was understood. "I loved it," the woman choraled. "I've seen it three times. You were great!"

Three days later, Stavroula with the occasional fan, whether I like it or not. Admittedly, any actor-wife, born in Athens and a long-time Canadian citizen, isn't recognized often. Still, that it happens at all is froaky. I should have seen it coming—but then again, no one was coming. Who would have guessed that *My Big Fat Greek Wedding* would become synonymous with "the most successful independent film in the world?" (Last weekend, the movie was expected to top US\$200 million in box-office earnings.) That's not to say my wife (only Stavroula had had the close to nuptial percentage), and with them comes public recognition for even the bit players—like my wife.

It's been interesting. A few things have happened with fans that, were they to happen again, might cause me to take a slow, cautious step backward and start looking for the exit. There's something weird about strangers asking your wife. Don't get me wrong—Stavroula appreciates their kindness, and I do, too. It's just that sometimes, fans do things that otherwise they'd never consider doing. *Greek Wedding* has changed my life, and in some ways, it is my life.

For those who haven't seen the film, it's about a Greek woman who falls in love with a straight-oiler—meaning, in this case, a collecting Anglo-Saxon. Control chaos ensue, with the loud, scotch-loving on the bride's side overwhelming the groom's staff, WASP parents, who have a green-tinted aversion to scotch. Stavroula plays Athena, a Greek-baby-making machine, and older sister to

the lead character played by Nia Vardalos, the Winnipeg-born, mostly rural and mildly effusive who wrote the screenplay.

As in the movie, I'm a non-Greek (though I'm not, it should be clear, a WASP) who married into a Greek family. The *Greek Wedding* plays the heavy. To my life, it's occasionally been my mother-in-law. When Stavroula and I told her we planned to get married, she looked at me sternly and asked, "Duty, you orthodox?" I was baptized in a Ukrainian Orthodox Church, I told her, leaving out the part about how I've nearly been back since. Believed, she crossed herself and sighed, "Bless, Duty, Bless."

Six years of marriage later, Stavroula and I found ourselves on our first trip to Greece together to meet her uncle, aunt and cousin. Given the movie's impact, it made for a particularly interesting time. For our flight, Stavroula and an elderly woman struck up a conversation. When the woman found out my wife is in the movie, she produced a tape recorder from her purse. "Just say a few words for my granddaughter, would you please?" Stavroula mumbled through her

"big fat hello," trying to be funny. Another passenger who overheard them nudged Stavroula roughly. "So, you're in that movie," he said, sounding doubtful. Then, he grabbed my wife's arm in his hand and turned her head in profile, as you might a horse. She pushed him away. "Yes, I am," she said between clenched teeth. Mediterranean blood boiling and a few choice words left unaid.

Thereafter was our ordeal. Let it be said that in this case, art—well, this movie in particular—does imitate life, as in my life. While some critics have complained that *Greek Wedding* perpetuates stereotypes, when we met Stavroula's capricious family (from the Greek word *kakophrosos*), it reminded me of the scene in the movie where two dozen shouting, drinking Greeks gossiped the groom's parents for what was supposed to have been "a quiet dinner." They welcomed me with open arms, fed me, played me with imported beer. When my wife and the others talked among themselves, it sometimes sounded like an argument. They'd laugh when I asked what was wrong. "Nothing," someone would say. "We're just talking." We stayed with cousin Nick (one of five Nick in the family) and his wife Galina. They couldn't do enough for us and were wonderful.

Gavin Vesile, on the other hand, worried me. He reminded me of the brother of Stavroula's character in *Greek Wedding* (also named Nick, another brother), a guy who can get you a deal on stuff that falls off the back of a truck. Vesile's a big guy six feet six with broad shoulders like built concrete walls for a living. His eyelids have a punch-drunk drop. Vesile, like, welcomed me like a brother. That was the problem. He seemed eager to party hard. Vesile says he lives for today. "This is very good," he said casually with a laugh, "and very bad." He never fully explained. I rolled weakly.

What did Stavroula's family in Greece think of the film? Some had seen it. They thought it was... sure. But the unspoken verdict was, what's the big deal? For them, more than anything, the *Greek Wedding* ring true. Sure it had clichés—but clichés again, so does life. What the film captured was what we found among Stavroula's family: that Greek passion for life. I don't know how I lived without it. *Opa!*

Danylo Havkushka is a Montreal-based editor. [response@madmoms.ca](mailto:response@madmoms.ca)



Stavroula Logothetis, for real and onscreen

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